CLEMENCE DANE discusses *THE BOOK OF THE MONTH*

The BYSTANDER

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Notice to Advertisers.

Since January 1, the Editor of "The Bystander" has been Mr. Comyns Beaumont, who was the first Editor of the Paper.

The policy of the Editor in producing an improved "Bystander" has been amply justified and is having a far-reaching effect.

¶ THE BYSTANDER *is the most talked of Paper of the day and is making a host of new friends.*

¶ *Consequently, its circulation and its value to the Advertiser are increasing every week.*

Take advantage of this by enlarging your space, or taking more frequent insertions.

THE DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER has been postponed to June 12, on account of the General Election.

INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

The BYSTANDER

Janet Jevons

MISS DIANA HENDERSON

The daughter of the Hon. Arnold Henderson, who was among last Season's debutantes. Her grandfather, Lord Faringdon, recently returned from Spain, a country which many well-known people are visiting this year on account of the great Barcelona Exhibition

Our Younger Generation

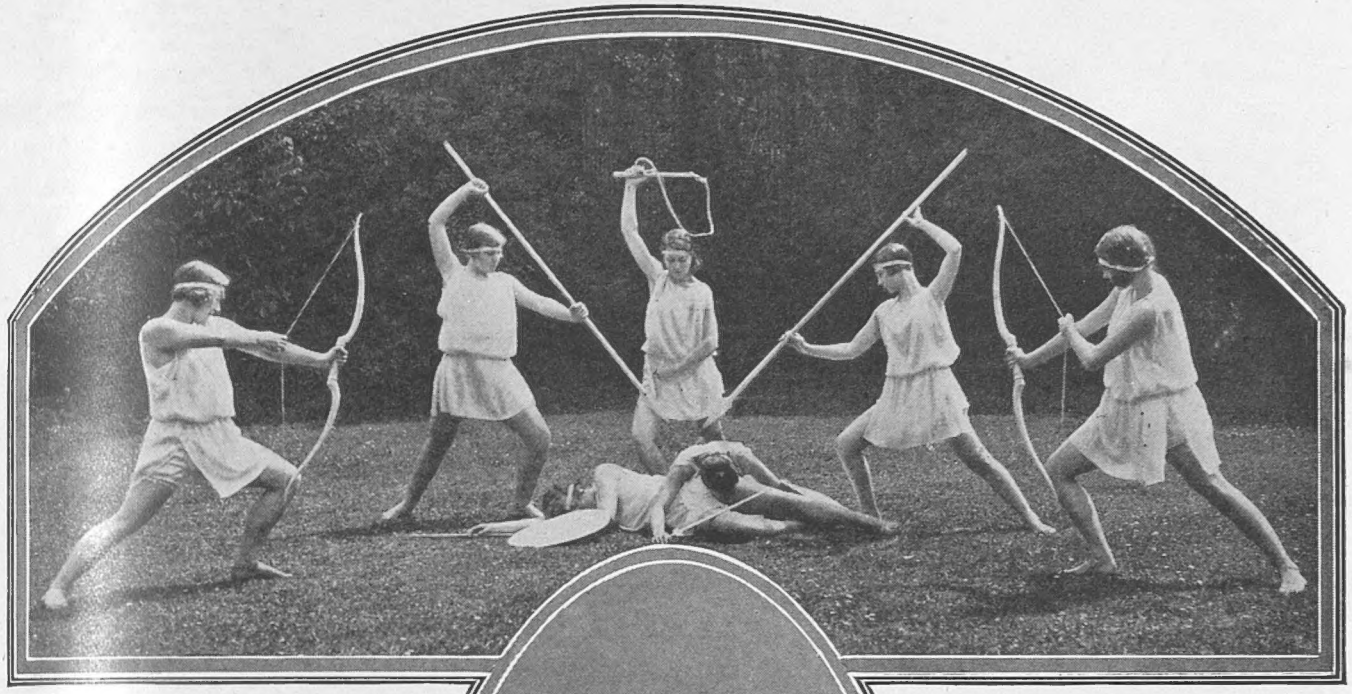
Mrs. Humphry Tollemache, the wife of Commander Humphry Tollemache, R.N. (retd.), with her baby daughter Jean Before her marriage she was Miss Elsie Raphael and is the daughter of the late Mr. W. G. Raphael

Lady Lavinia Annaly with her son and heir, the Hon. Luke White. The daughter of the sixth Earl Spencer, she married Lord Annaly, who was formerly in the 11th Hussars, in 1919

Lady Weymouth, whose husband is the only son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, with her baby daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne

Photographs Lenare

The Passing Hour



Central News

A PYRRHIC MOVEMENT

Members of the Bagot Stack Health School performing a Grecian war dance. They recently presented several dances at the Norwich Hippodrome in aid of the Bishop of Norwich's Fund for Church Schools

Spring Turns to Summer

I SUBMIT that summer has arrived. The trees, so tardy in discarding their winter shroud, have suddenly flung themselves wholeheartedly into leaf. Bond Street has shown its first crop of summer frocks, somebody has even written of butterflies there, but that, I hold, is no indication of the season. They are always there.

And, of course, there are the Chelsea Flower Show and the Royal Tournament at Olympia; with the arrival of these two events the sun must feel compelled to shine. I shared the distinction of the Tournament's Private View with Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Lord Riddell, though, as that was again shared by an entire Olympia audience, there was certainly not much privacy about it!

What an amazing show it is! I like to think of disgruntled theatrical producers biting their cigars in envy that their choruses can never achieve the rhythm and precision of the drill displays. For the first time tanks made their appearance in a mock chariot race around the arena, and followed it up with amazing tricks for the serious purpose of showing their astonishing flexibility of control. Early—and late—Park riders should take a look at the display of the Weedon Equitation School.

Keystone

IS "JIX" LIVING DOWN DORA?

Our correspondent "Bystander" suggests that he is retrieving his lost popularity. Within a few days the assertion will be proved correct—or otherwise. The hour now sounds!

Lord Riddell had a good story to tell, though why he must call Sir Laming Worthington-Evans "Sir Worthington"—and his voice is no bass—I do not know. Anyway, a woman who thought her baby should make a record in weight asked her landlady to have it quickly put on the scales. The only scales available belonged to an Aberdonian fishmonger. The baby showed a weight of fifty-eight pounds!

Diamonds on Canvas

MR. PHILIP DE LÁSZLÓ remains one of the most

JEWELLERY ON CANVAS

fashionable portrait painters of the day. He lets people see themselves as they hope they are, and that always commends a ready gate of sitters.

His present exhibition at the French Gallery makes up a pretty panorama of contemporary Society plus the King of Egypt and his son, who introduce a decorative touch of oriental colour. I have never seen such a blaze of jewellery on canvas; Mr. László has chosen to paint most of his subjects in evening dress, with diamonds and pearls in abundance. With Princess Alice Countess of Athlone his brush has dealt with obvious delight upon her diamond bracelets. Baroness Gerliczy Stirbey has given him the opportunity of painting an elaborate diamond and ruby tiara, while slashed across her dress are countless decorations and orders. Sir William Joynson-Hicks is portrayed in the full dress of a Privy Councillor, and Mr. László has obviously been more content to emphasise the splendour of Sir William's attire rather than dwell on the characterisation of the Home Secretary's features. Incidentally, what sudden change of attitude has overtaken the Press in regard to Sir William? Quite a responsible proprietor of a daily newspaper mentioned to me at lunch last week that he thought he might make an admirable substitute for Mr. Baldwin!

Topical

The new Lord Rosebery, who has succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the 5th Earl. Like his father before him, he is a keen patron of the Turf, and a well-known figure at the important race meetings

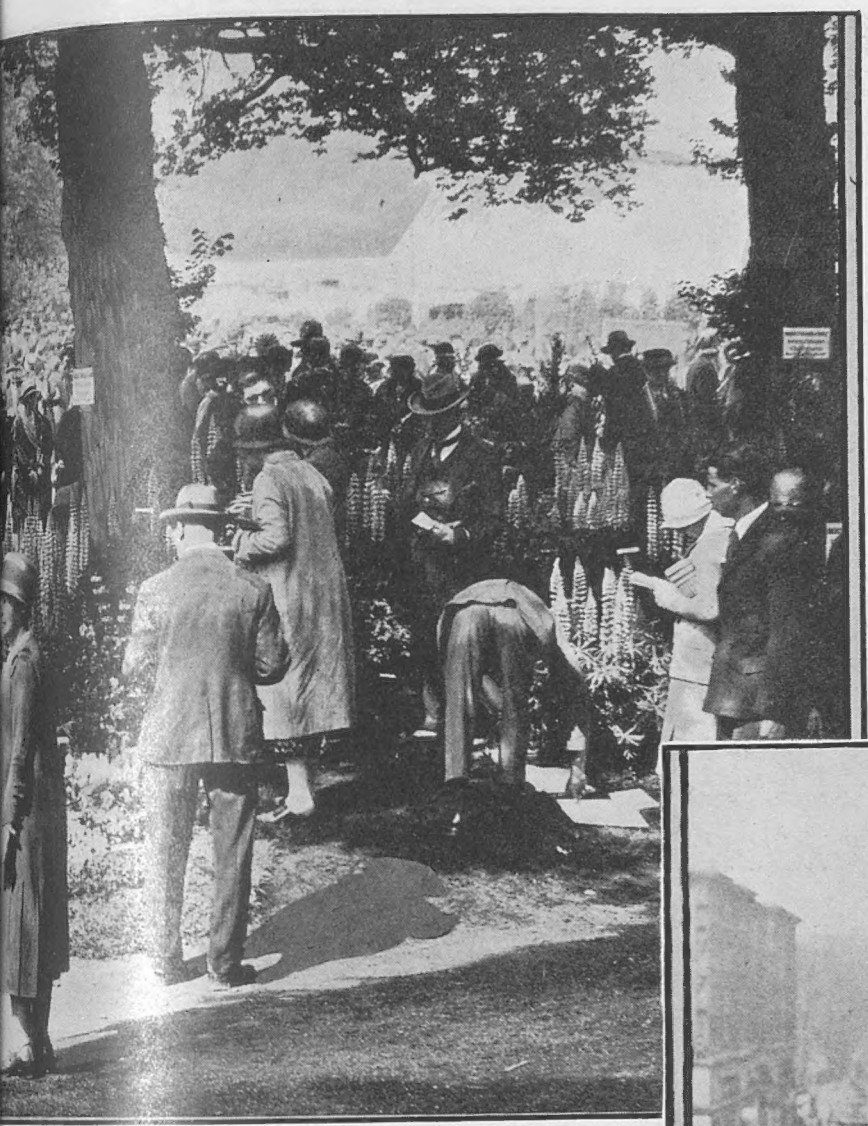
Graphic Photo Union

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden photographed on their visit to the Chelsea Flower Show last week. Thanks to the fine weather, the Show was a greater success than ever this year

Back from Barcelona

At the László private view I saw Lady Louis Mountbatten for the first time since her return from Southern sunshine in Malta and Spain. She was looking as radiant and attractive as ever,

THE EMPIRE EVE BALL



Pacific and Atlantic

RUS IN URBE

A glimpse of some of the large number of visitors to the Chelsea Flower Show inspecting the exhibits in the grounds of the Royal Hospital. The quiet of the beautiful gardens forms a striking contrast to the surrounding bustle and turmoil

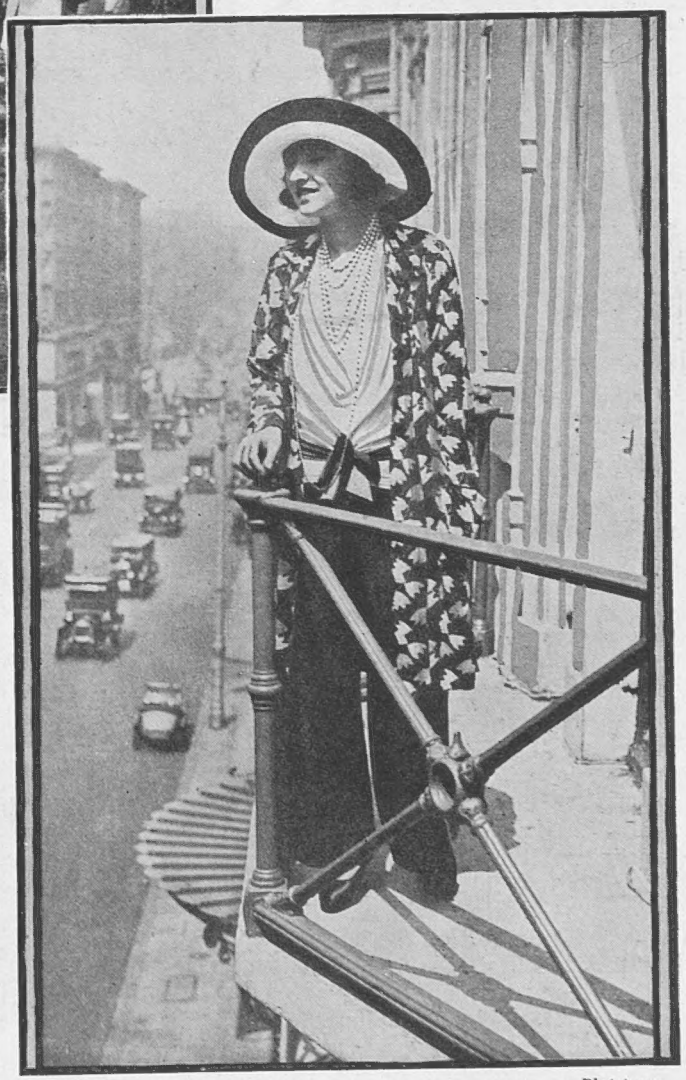
and told me that her baby, born in Barcelona, will be christened in July. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden were with Lady Louis, as well as the Dowager Lady Milford Haven. Seeing many gazing at the portrait of Lady Plunket, I looked for the sitter, but she was not there. The day before Lord Plunket had undergone a serious operation, so naturally his wife was remaining as much with him as the genial matron of Almina Lady Carnarvon's nursing home would allow. I caught sight of the lively personality of iss Jean Fleming at this exhibition. A friend once said to me: "If ever there was somebody who might be in the Secret Service it surely is Jean Fleming. I have never yet greeted her without hearing that she was off that instant to Rome, Constantinople, Paris, or the Balkans." I like to think of whole Governments being diplomatically dangled at the end of Miss Fleming's delicate fingers. I don't think she would object to the idea herself!

The Empire Eve Ball

THERE can be not the slightest doubt of the success of the Empire Eve Ball held at Grosvenor House last week, and even if the somewhat Teutonic style of decoration—to say nothing of the brilliant carpets—does not appeal to every taste, the gargantuan proportions of this newest hotel, with its excellent ballroom, undoubtedly make it an ideal place for a function of this sort. The Prince of Wales, who arrived shortly before midnight, lost no time in going to the ballroom, and several of the dance tunes played were by his special request. He stayed on for the cabaret, and several of the topical jokes cracked by Tex McLeod, the burly cowboy, amused him considerably.

A Helping Hand

AMONG the many well-known people who attended the ball were Lord Lonsdale, who brought a party, Lord and Lady Hawke, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., and his son, who is also at the Bar. I caught sight of Mr. Noel Hammersley, who was leaving the next day to interview Mussolini in Rome, and learnt that he had



Photopress

Rosie Dolly, one of the famous Dolly Sisters, has returned to the London stage after an eight years' absence. She is seen in a new French pyjama creation renewing her acquaintance with London from the roof of her hotel, and doubtless wondering why the traffic seems to crawl so after Paris!

ACTIVITIES BEYOND THE BORDER

L.N.A.

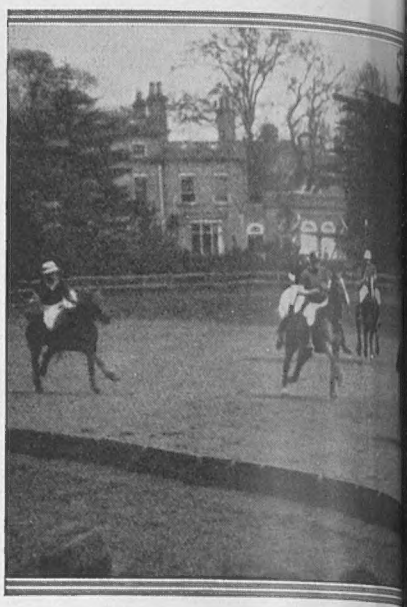
THE DUCHESS IN HER AIN COUNTRY

The Duke and Duchess of York leaving St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, after the special service before the opening of the Church Assembly. The Duke, as the Lord High Commissioner, opened the General Assembly last week

aided the work of Empire Union by writing out a cheque for £3,000 to help establish provincial branches of the League of Empire Housewives.

Enter the Derby

A WEEK from this Wednesday and the Derby will be upon us. For a fugitive five minutes the Empire will be Epsom Downs. The stupid rule whereby death of the owner annuls (prohibits) the running of his horses in any race for which they may have been entered was abrogated too late to allow Lord Rosebery's horse Midlothian to line up with the rest on the 5th. And Midlothian, they tell me, had as great a chance as any. However, the race won't lack of horses or owners with Lord Astor's Cragadour—to the impartial observer the daily bulletins on the horse's dyspepsia are a source of great mirth—Lord Derby's and Lord Dewar's horses, the entries of Sir Victor Sassoon and Mrs. Carol Glorney, who has a horse running in the great race and a daughter marrying at St. Margaret's, Westminster, but a week later. Much money, I believe, is being placed on Mr. Solly Joel's colt, Kopi, who was bred by Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder, who has a large stud in Ireland, which he personally conducts in between his duties as a soldier in the Scots Guards. He sold Kopi to Mr. Joel for the trifling sum of three hundred and fifty guineas. The Calcutta and Stock Exchange sweeps seem to have completely erased the popularity of those organised by London clubs. I have noticed in several that the lists are only half filled. The prize-money is negligible in comparison with the fortunes to be gained in the large sweeps. Next year it might be worth while for all the West End clubs to amalgamate their sweepstakes into one.

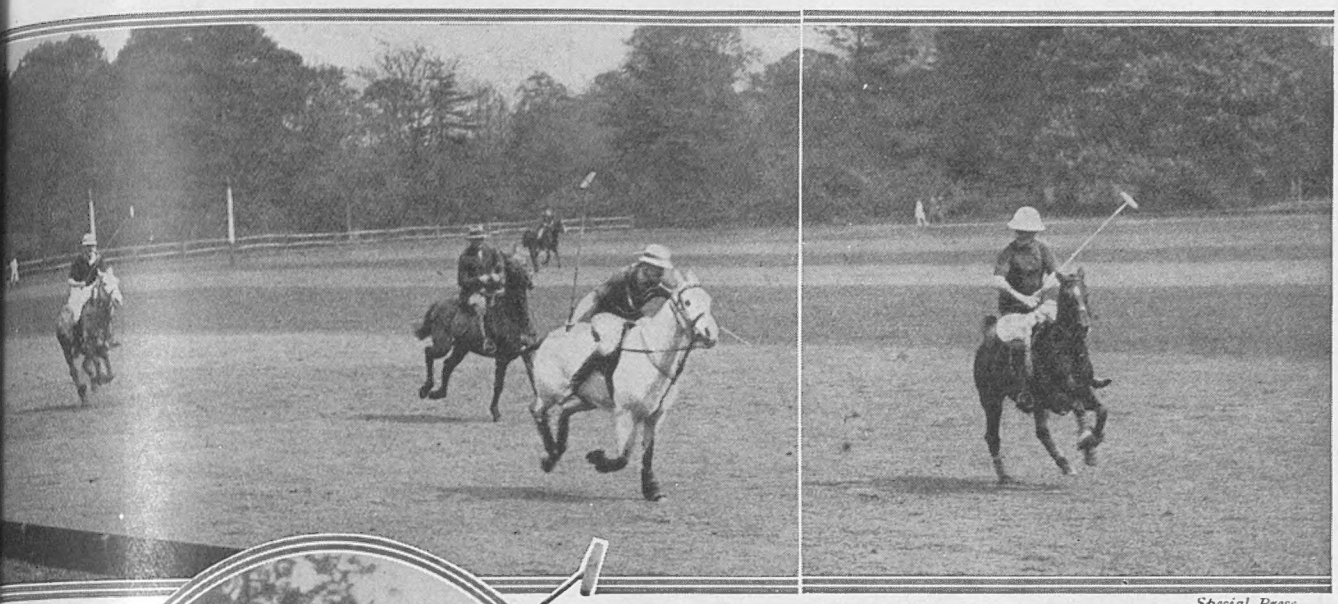


Central News

IN THE NORTH

"June," otherwise Lady Inverclyde, inspecting the Girl Guides' Guard of Honour before opening a mineral well at Willport. She was honoured with an invitation to dine at Inverness with the Duke and Duchess of York

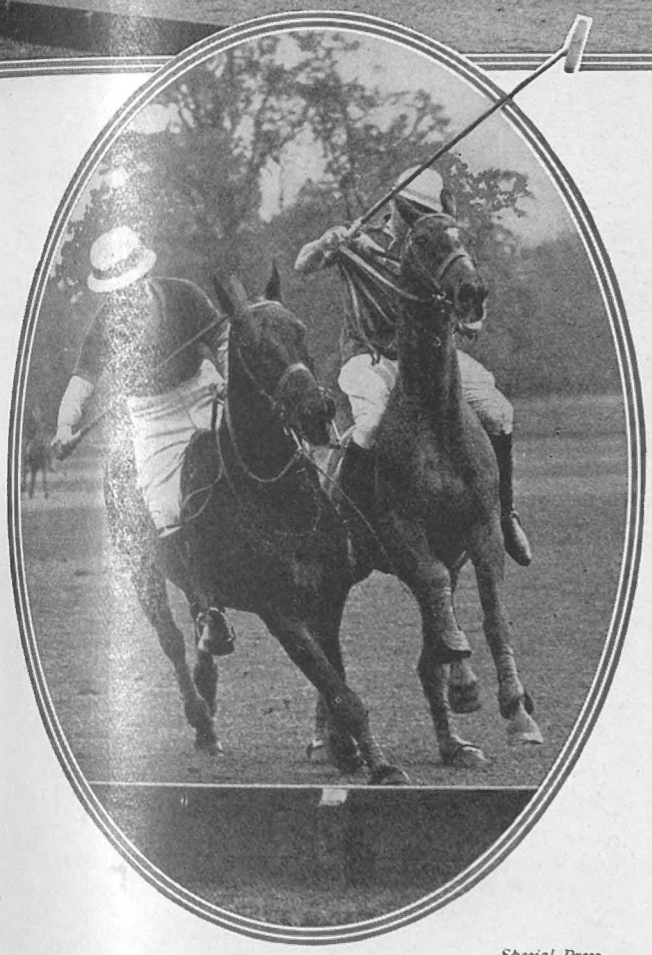
POLO TO THE FORE AGAIN



Special Press

POLO IN FULL SWING

Polo is now going as strongly as ever at the clubs around London and in the Provinces. The above photograph was taken at Roehampton during a match between the Ratcatchers and Eastcott



Special Press

ON THE BOARDS

A grim tussle for possession during the Whitney Cup tie between the Ratcatchers and Eastcott. Played at Roehampton, it resulted in a win for the Ratcatchers, who received 5½ goals, by 12½ to 7

Lafayette

PRESENTED THIS YEAR

The beautiful Princess Otto Von Bismark, who was presented at the First Court. She is the wife of Prince Otto Von Bismark, the Secretary to the German Embassy in London

His Majesty Meets an Old Friend Again

THE KING will be glad to get to Sandringham in the course of the next few weeks. It is by far his favourite residence, for Windsor, despite many improvements and the Queen's personal efforts to make it a more intimate home, remains obstinately unfriendly. Queen Victoria disliked it, and so did King Edward. His Majesty has been reunited with a very old friend at Windsor, Snip, a Cairn that was given him by Princess Mary, and he has become as affectionate a companion to the King as Cora, also a Cairn, is to the Prince of Wales.

TO PARIS IN COMFORT AND LUXURY

Lenare

MRS. W. SHIRLEY WORTHINGTON EVANS

Whose marriage to Mr. W. Shirley Worthington-Evans, the only son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the Secretary for War in the late Government, and Lady Worthington-Evans, took place early this year. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pears, of New Chapel House, Lingfield

Two Garhwalis of the Indian Army are now part of the King's Indian Orderly Officers. They come of a great Hindu race and are broad-shouldered, strong men, who carry their picturesque uniform with all the dash of the Guards. I believe that anyone who has hunted with Garhwalis know them for the best of companions and the most informed for pursuing a jungle trek.

A Journey to Paris

IF, for some reason, you had not known it, the sight of the mounted gendarme leaning from his horse to light the cigarette of the pretty girl below would have told you at once that it was Paris. If it happened in England I doubt if we should recover from the sight, *mais, ça c'est Paris.* I went over there in the ideal luxury of the new Golden Arrow service, which has been accelerated by the addition of a special new boat, the T.S.S. Canterbury, which obviates the necessity of the Golden Arrow passengers waiting for the later arrival of the other cross-Channel travellers. With us were Lord Churchill, Sir Herbert Walker, and the Hon. Everard Baring, chairman of the Southern Railway and one of the residuary legatees in Lord Revelstoke's will. No fighting, no pushing, no scrambling on the quay, just a leisurely walk from your Pullman armchair in the white gold train to an equally comfortable and reserved seat on the boat. Though the largest of its class, only three hundred passengers are accommodated on board, so Sir Ellis Hume-Williams' annual complaint — by which he came to be known as Fume-Williams — against the overcrowding will obtain no more on this service. The palm court on the Canterbury, its spacious bars, its covered decks, embrace all the convenience and ease of travel of the most superb trans-Atlantic liner. It would be an insult to be sea-sick amidst such surroundings! The translation from boat to train at Calais is made with the same facility, and no exhausting chase for porters; the ship's stewards convey and guard your luggage, and, having found your armchair in the Golden Arrow's counter-part, the *Flèche d'Or,* the train moves off to the accompaniment of the *maître d'hôtel* taking your order for lunch! One thing that impressed me enormously was the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere, despite the smuts emitted from French coal. I usually have to wash my hands four times on this journey. I washed them once, and needlessly, on this new service. The smuts seem to have been banished. I don't apologise for indulging the superlative in writing of this new Golden Arrow. It is deserved.

RACING HINTS

The horses named weekly on this page are not selected for any particular race: they should be entered in your diary and backed each way until they win.

BUCKS HUSSINE

(Br. F., by Bucks Hussar—Cottage Maiden). Owner, Mr. E. N. Lyons. Trainer, Barling. There was late "blower" money for her in the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap (one mile) at Yarmouth. Was leading at half a mile, but was pegged back. Follow up with each way wager.

HAPPY RETURNS

(Br. F., by Louvois—Margot). Owner, Mr. P. Hands. Trainer, W. Griggs. Was heavily backed to beat the smart Princess Rosetta in the Borough Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Yarmouth. Finished down the track, but her promising performance in the race won by Setalite at Newmarket must not be overlooked.

ARRAN BEG

(B. C., by Argosy—Lady Arenberg). Owner, Mr. S. Wootton. Trainer, Wootton. Was backed down from 5 to 1 to 5 to 4, and dead-heated with Pheidon in the Penkridge Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Wolverhampton. Put a special note against his name for attention in the future.

LEMIN

(Ch. G., by Lemonora—Fifine). Owner, Mr. C. R. Taylor. Trainer, Coulthwaite. In a desperate finish was beaten a short head by Oratorium in the Whitsuntide Handicap (six furlongs) at Wolverhampton. Was a winner at Nottingham in March.

CARAQUETTE

(B. F., by Syndrian—Almeria). Owner, Lord Beaverbrook. Trainer, C. Leader. Started badly when confidently expected to win the Holiday Plate (five furlongs) at Hurst Park. Was giving the winner, Tutbury, 16 lbs. Will pay to follow.

DIOCLETIAN

(Ch. C., by Phalaris—Diadem). Owner, Lord D'Abernon. Trainer, Beatty. Put up a great performance against the speedy Queen's Orb in the Sorrel Plate (five furlongs) at Hurst Park. Was a strong Newmarket tip and is a certain money maker.

Stars and Stripes and Corned-beef Hash

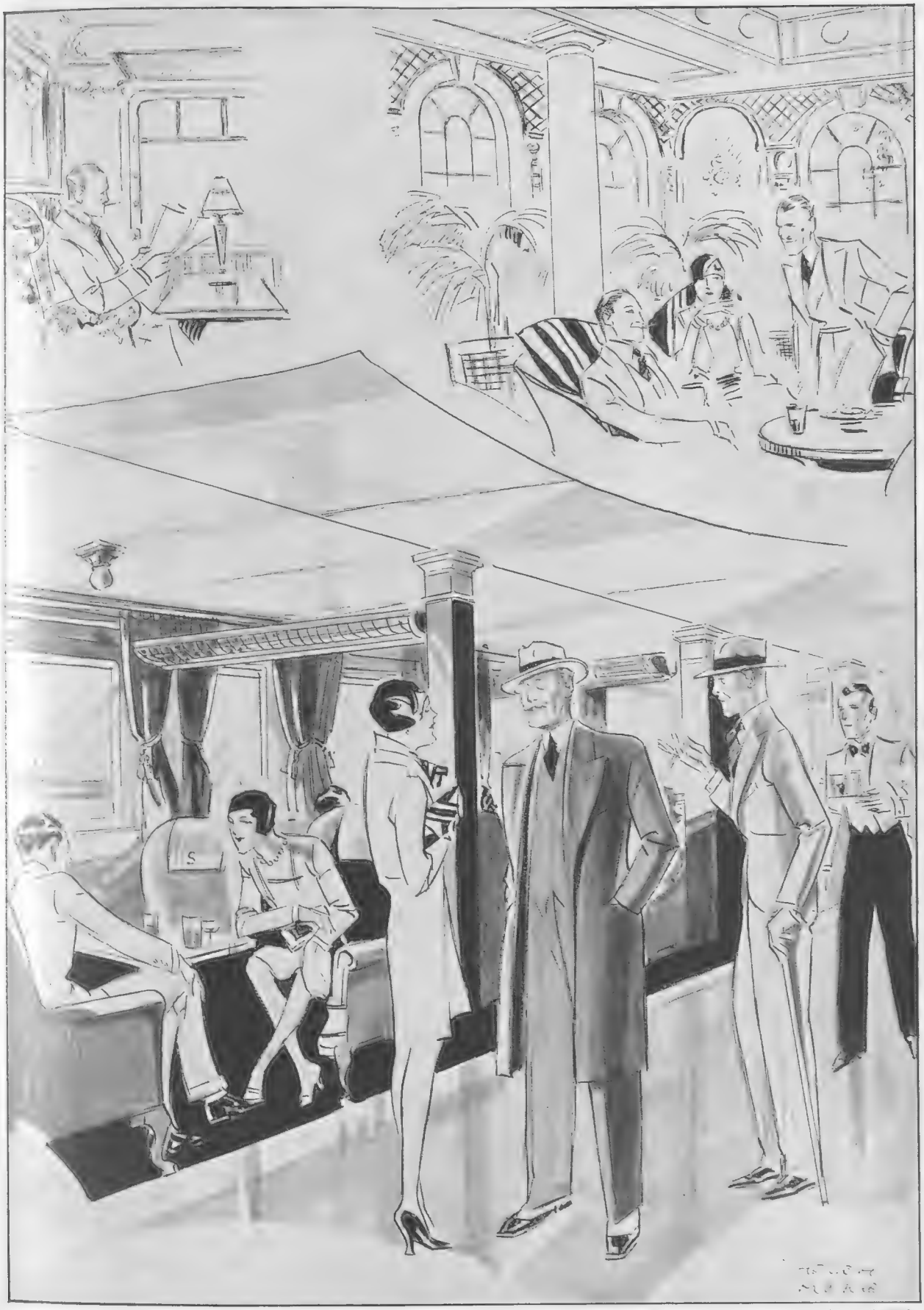
AND now for Paris (with Jay Martin's permission!), though really it might have been New York as we walked through the swing doors of the Hôtel Ambassador in the Boulevard Haussmann. Horn-rims

Hai Linden

MISS WANDA HOLDEN

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden, whose engagement to the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton has been announced. Her fiancé, who was M.P. for Bath in the last Parliament, is the younger son of the late Brigadier-General Lord Binning

SUPER DE LUXE TRAVELLING TO PARIS



BY HELEN McKIE

Impressions gathered by our artist on a recent trip to Paris via the Southern Railway's "Golden Arrow" train and their new boat, the s.s. "Canterbury." All seats which are reserved on the train are automatically reserved on the boat also, for she carries only three hundred passengers, thus avoiding all trace of overcrowding, and passengers are assured a journey free from all annoying Customs delays and similar trials

A PLAY WORTH SEEING

to the right of us, horn-rims to the left of us, and "Hello, kid," and "Say, Ernie," in the rich accents of the Middle-West, as we soared up in the elevator—you see, it's catching—to the bedroom with bathroom that the French have learnt to build together everywhere now, while in London they are still an exception save in the big hotels. The most typically American sight I saw were Americans in the Ambassador—its name is an echo of the famous hotel in New York—sitting down to heavy breakfasts of fruit, corned-beef hash, coffee, toast, and marmalade as late as eleven o'clock in the morning! I suppose they "kinda felt home-sick" without this introduction to the day.

Paris Behind a Veil

WITH conventional though perhaps excusable cosmopolitanism, I made my way to the Ritz bar, where you can usually put your hand upon the pulse of Paris. The first person I greeted was "Big Bill" Tilden, with F. T. Hunter, just off the boat and about to settle down to work for the French Championships, and, later, Wimbledon. However excitement may quicken Tilden's temperament on court, he is a most charming fellow off it. Hunter is a little dour, and, like Helen Wills, with her reputation of enigmatic silence, prefers a racquet on the tennis court to the conversational racket such as resounds throughout the Ritz in Paris. Lady Abdy I saw shortly after, in startling black, with a curious crescent brim to her hat that disposed of the idea of mourning for memories of Chelsea and Dolores. She had been dancing till dawn at the Countess of Sainte-Phalle's party in one of those lovely houses in the Place des Etats-Unis, but no hint of fatigue touched her bold Slav beauty. I noticed that Paris is wearing a fascinating type of veil that hangs down from the hat brim like a vizor. It is most becoming. Montmartre, of course, is just the stupid ramp it always was, with champagne at £2 a bottle that you can buy even here for twenty-five shillings. The Grand Ecart seemed to me one of the best places that Paris has produced for a long time; champagne is not obligatory, prices are moderate, and with decorations by Jean Cocteau and a lively nigger band, all is most entertaining. Dancing space almost everywhere is microscopic, and that dance restaurants and clubs in London with small floors usually succeed ought to make them more popular here. By the way, fewer and fewer seem to bother to dress for the evening in Paris now, and, strangely, it does not seem to upset the smartness of their restaurants. That is something, I think, we could not do here.

ELECTION NIGHT AT THE RESTAURANTS.

BERKELEY Gerrard 4321	Screening Results. Gala Dinner, 21/-. Supper, 10/6
CAFE ANGLAIS. Regent 7941.	Results announced by Rex Evans. Cabaret Supper, 21/-.
CARLTON Gerrard 7826.	Screening Results Gala Dinner and Supper. Cabaret.
CECIL Gerrard 0060.	Screening Results in Palm Court. Dancing, 9 till 2 Dinner Dance, 15/-. Supper, 12/6.
CIRO'S CLUB Regent 0664.	Special Night. Results on Screen. Dancing as usual. Cabaret.
HYDE PARK	Screening Results. Gala Dinner, 21/-. Breakfasts provided.
KIT-CAT Regent 4263.	Screening Results. Cabaret Supper, 30/-
MAY FAIR Mayfair 7777.	Screening Results in Ballroom and Restaurant. Ambrose and his Band. Cabaret. Gala Dinner, 30/-. Supper 21/-.
NEW PRINCES Regent 0120.	Screening Results. Cabaret. Dinner, 21/-. Supper, 21/-.
PICCADILLY Regent 0160.	Screening Results. Special Cabaret. Gala Dinner, 21/- Supper, 15/6. An all-night sitting.
ROYAL PALACE, KENSINGTON Western 7222.	Screening Results in Empress Rooms. Special Gala Night. Dinner, 15/6. Supper, 8/6.

Pola Negri, the famous film star, leading in Empress, the winner of the Harrow Plate at Northolt Park. This was the first race to be held on the new pony racecourse, which is already being well supported by the public

A Great French Play

OCCASIONALLY I am invited to the theatre in London, and occasionally I don't want to leave after the first act, but only very occasionally. In Paris one of the first things to be done is to reserve seats. I went to see *Marius*, a story of the Marseilles docks by Marcel Pagnol, and in it was that inimitable comedian and great actor, Raimu. You might say he was a combination of George Robey and Seymour Hicks, but, alas! we have not his counterpart on the London stage. I hear that Max Reinhardt is going to produce the play in Berlin. I doubt if it would stand translation into English, but there is certainly a play of the same type to be written about our docks.

TOW TO ONE

Central Press

Summer being once more with us, the call of the sea is making itself heard in no uncertain voice and the Bathing Belle—that is to say any girl bather between the ages of fifteen and fifty—has come into her own. Above are seen some of them enjoying a particularly safe form of surf-riding on the more or less bounding ocean

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR—HO

Sport and Gene

Mr. Baldwin addressing a large open air meeting at Fleetwood on behalf of Lord Stanley. Woman is said to be more influenced than man by oratory, and th microphones have been kept humming in an attempt to capture her heart—and vote

Photopress

According to the photographer Mr. Winston Churchill is seen, accompanied by his little daughter, reading a pamphlet presented to him on Nomination Day at Epping. We prefer to believe that, having an eye to the future, he is actually reading a homily on the virtues of his Party to a voter-to-be

Raphael

Miss Jenny Lee, who was the only flapper M.P. in the last Parliament. She represented North Lanark in the Socialist interest, proving that a flapper can on occasions capture a man's vote

TO CAPTURE THE FLAPPER VOTE

Sport and General

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin with Lord Stanley on their arrival at Fleetwood. To judge by the welcome Mr. Baldwin is receiving from the spectators in the foreground, at least two "flapper" votes would appear to be safely in the Conservative pocket

Lenare

Lady Astor, the first woman M.P., who has represented Plymouth in the cause of Conservatism plus Prohibition. An American by birth, she has championed the "weaker" sex in the House in anything but a weak manner. Will she get back this time?

Capt. John Henderson, the Liberal candidate for Chiswick, finds the Open Air Baths to be a happy hunting ground for flapper votes. His constituents are quite obviously in the swim of things

Photopress

THE ELECTION—An ABC of the Hour

Photo Press

THE MOST IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GENERAL ELECTION

Above are seen Mr. Edsel Ford, son of Mr. Henry Ford, and himself said to be worth over 50 million pounds sterling, and his little son Henry, sitting on a pillar of concrete. The photograph was taken a few days ago at Dagenham, Essex, where Mr. Edsel Ford with a silver spade cut the first sod of the new Ford factory. This factory is expected to manufacture 200,000 vehicles per annum and to employ 15,000 men. At the lowest computation the weekly wages bill will be £75,000.

Thus, behold the fruits of the Conservative policy of Safeguarding. If it were not that Ford cars from America have to pay 33⅓ per cent. *ad valorem* tax, Mr. Ford would continue to dump his cars from America and British workmen would get nothing.

The Labour Party, who promise everything and will produce nothing except a gigantic dole system, are committed to repeal the McKenna Safeguarding Duties with the result, as Sir Henry Austin, of Austin Cars, says, will probably lead to the closing down of his factory, which employs 11,000 hands, plus clerical and other staffs.

Here, then, is a concrete example of Conservative policy for the welfare of the working classes. Free Trade in manufactured articles will ruin the working men and drive capital away.

Now, ye Flappers, take this lesson to heart!

A is the Agent, whose cry seems to be
"My dear sir, *please* leave all the details to me."

B's for the Booths from which come gains and losses
When the voters start playing the game Noughts and Crosses.

C is the Candidate, careworn and hot,
Who promises thousands of things he's not got.

D's the deposit the electorate saw fit
To make more than one poor unfortunate forfeit.

E's the Enlightened Electorate who——
But we will not proceed, for E stands for Eggs, too!

F is the Flapper, whose vote means so much
To the fellow who favours the Feminine Touch.

G is the candidate's Grim Graven Grin,
Which by polling day often has worn rather thin.

H is the Heckler who keeps things alive—
Oh, what *did* Gladstone say back in 'seventy-five?

I is an Idiot, lying and low—
For further particulars please turn to O.

J is the Jam that is coming our way:
But it's always to-morrow, and never to-day.

K's for the Kisses bestowed on the babies
Regardless of chicken-pox, measles and rabies.

L's for the Leaders whose opulent fat forms
Are occasionally seen on their henchmen's chief platforms.

M is Majority, pleasant to view,
But, alas! M still stands for Minority, too!

N's for the Names that are used in the fight,
And we're sorry to note that they aren't *all* polite.

O's your Opponent, opprobrious, sly—
For a few further details just go back to I.

P is for Promises: sad, though, to tell,
P stands for Pander and Piecrusts as well!

Q's for the Questions that tumble out pat
While the candidate tries not to talk through his hat.

R's the Result that will gladden the soul
Of the fellow who finds himself right up the Poll.

S is the Sensation that under each pinny stirs
When we read of defeats of great Cabinet Ministers.

T's for the Trumpets the candidates blow.
Timidity, too, but then, *that* will not show.

U is the Uproar that usually leaks out
When a hard-hitting candidate fearlessly speaks out.

V is Veracity—really we'd better
Pass on in haste to review the *next* letter!

W's Women, young, old, drab or dapper,
For handling *them* see the couplet on Flapper.

X is the cross that we put by the name
Of the fellow we afterwards badger and blame.

Y is the Yawn the candidates smother
When they hear their own views being voiced by another.

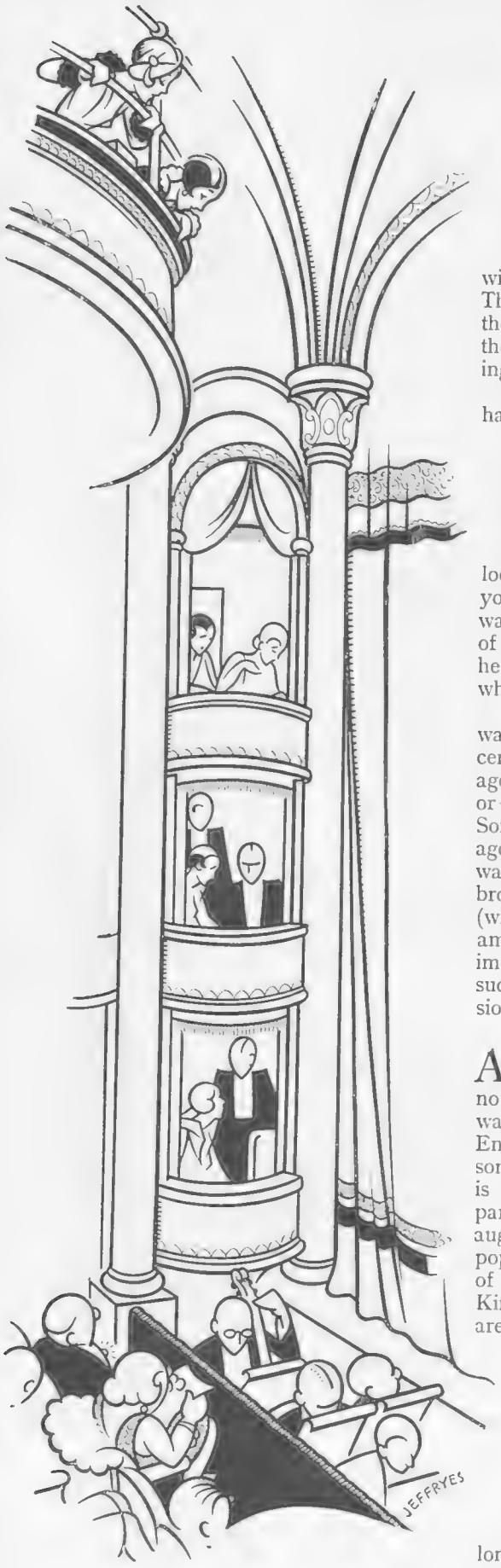
Z stands for Zeal, and also for Zoo—
But the choice of the words is far best left to *you*.

SANDERSON GIBBS.

BY STAN TERRY

GIVING UP HER FLAT

if_ gossip_



By Jeffryes

1st Galleryite: "There's that awful Lady Hashin-Smythe in the front row"

2nd Galleryite: "I always *did* look down on that woman!"

ALTHOUGH the King, much to everyone's regret, will not be at Ascot—His Majesty is extremely well, but care will still have to be taken for a long time—and there will be no Royal procession, the meeting will be Royal Ascot none the less. The Prince of Wales will attend, though not, of course, in State, and the Duke of Connaught is entertaining a small party at Ascot.

If a prize were to be offered for the handsomest old gentleman in the country it would most assuredly be won by the Duke. So slim and upright is he that perhaps he should not be called "old" at all. At the review of the Grenadier Guards the other morning he looked, but for his white hair, as youthful as the Prince of Wales who was beside him. Yet the great Duke of Wellington was his godfather, and he has sat on the knee of the man who won the Battle of Waterloo.

I was interested to read, by the way, in Yvette Guilbert's reminiscences, published only a few days ago, that the Duke of Connaught is, or was, an accomplished whistler. Some American hostess in the long ago gave a party at which King Edward (then Prince of Wales) and his brother were present. A whistler (with a small w) had been engaged to amuse the guests, who all tried to imitate him. The Duke was not only successful, but even beat the professional man at his own job.

AS to Ascot, Royalty or not, there is always the Royal Enclosure. True, some of the thrill is taken out of parading on this august but overpopulated piece of turf when the King and Queen are not present, though the theory that all who do so are, in essence, the guests of Their Majesties has long ago disappeared. Lord Churchill is tact, charm, and carefulness itself, but there are many—well, I had better let it go at that.

ALL DRESSED UP

Four participants in the Aldershot Command Tatt... The uniforms are those of an officer of the Gren... Drummer 181...

It seems that the chief attraction in being able to pass those green velvet-coated guardians at the white gate that leads from the paddock consists in exciting envy in the hearts of those

By Kipia

"Stunning little frock that girl's got on"

"Yes—and two years ago she hadn't a rag to her back!"

we must

SOMEWHERE TO GO Central News

A mutual admiration society after trying on their costumes. 1830, one of Napoleon's Old Guard 1815, a French Prussian Hussar of 1815

of one's friends who cannot do so. Curious, but there it is. The woman with an enclosure badge who can wave to her dearest female friend on the other side of the railings can be said really to have lived.

In recent years the Royal Enclosure "events"—some of them open secrets and one revealed here for the first time—have included:—

(i) The Royal Command that ladies should not bet at the rails.

(ii) The conducting through the enclosure of a young woman euphemistically known as an actress by "one of the men who won the War."

(iii) The absolutely successful impersonation of a peer of the realm by a crook solicitor, who had a forged badge, had put on a false beard, *hair by hair*, and had the good sense to flee when a shower of rain came on.

(iv) The American who arrived in a bowler hat, bought a topper for £10 from a man in the paddock, and was driven home five minutes later in an epileptic fit.

ONE would never imagine in London that we are within just a day of a momentous General Election. True, the bland face of Mr. Baldwin beams at us from the hoardings, with the matchless slogan of "Safety First"; when this is too near the ground and within reach of the irreverent pencil or piece of chalk it is apt to be transformed into something rich and strange. There is a portrait of the Premier just off Holborn which squints horribly in the guise of a Chinaman.

But in the gayer restaurants they talk of other things. Political references are absent from the theatres (thank Heaven!), so that there is no way of testing whether the audiences are preponderantly Tory. There is a curious convention that a man becomes not only a Tory but a Jingo the moment he gets inside a theatre, and it may still hold.

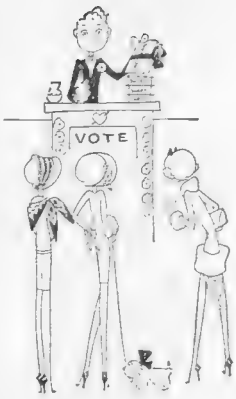
I once heard a pantomime conclude with the "tag" lines:—

"And now that this our pantomime is ended,
Amusement with instruction has been blended;
We hope we've won our way to your affection,
And that you're all very pleased with the result of the General Election."

Ringing cheers from every throat greeted the ghastliness of the rhythm, and it was a Tory Government that had just been returned.

Meanwhile Sybil Thorndike is actively electioneering on the Labour side, and causing thereby less consternation at White's than did poor Arthur Bourchier, when he went off on a similar tack after Eton, Oxford, and thirty years of actor-managership.

CAPTAIN RUPERT KEPPEL (or, if he likes, Captain the Hon. Rupert Keppel) wrote his letter protesting against the badges-for-baronets scheme with his tongue in his cheek. But not so firmly planted there as it might, or should, have been, or I'm a Dutchman! Anyway, he has had a lot of fun out of it, and caused a lot of fun, too, though his resentment at the fact that baronets will in future be able, on certain occasions, to sport emblems of their rank while the younger sons of peers have but the "Hon." to console them (and that may be but rarely printed and never spoken) has an undercurrent of seriousness about it. What the writer of the letter (that's one way out of it!) does not seem to realise is that the *parvenu* sneer can cut both ways and be levelled at the peerage as well as at the baronetage.



The trouble is manifestly over a state of affairs by which a baronet, lower in the order of precedence, can show some tangible token, while the Hon. John Smith, son of Lord Brown of Brown, cannot—the implication

Lenare

Monti Ryan, the clever young dancer who plays a leading part in Archie Pitt's production, "The Show's the Thing." This starts an indefinite run at the Victoria Palace on June 3

being that the person of older and bluer blood is neglected. But many baronets, dating from the seventeenth century, have in their veins some of the best blood in England, while some "honourables" have not, let alone their fathers. A baronet of ancient and decent vintage has just as much reason for grumbling at being lower in precedence than the son of a newly-rich peer, whose grandfather may have groomed horses or stolen sheep.

With that pretty little piece of snobbery we will bid long farewell to other people's greatness.

THE German season of opera at Covent Garden has died gloriously and with a slight admixture of British singers that does not diminish its effulgence. What nonsense it is to say that the people in stalls and boxes are there only because it is the right thing to do; that their sole desire is to talk and show off their finery; that they are indifferent to music! It is a hoary and familiar tale, and is, and always was, a lie. No one who does not like music is going to turn up at a theatre at 7 p.m., or even earlier, and sit in darkness through acts of an hour and a half or two hours' duration, all for the sake of a couple of short intervals, when the *foyer* is uncomfortably crowded. For Covent Garden, lovely as the auditorium is, is badly off for space otherwise, and one longs for the vast corridors and vestibules of the Paris Opera.

The most courageous man I have seen at Covent Garden this year is the stout peer who, after Act I of *Rosenkavalier*, approached the stalls buffet, asked for a glass of water and producing a meat pie from the inside pocket of his dress coat proceeded to dine.

YOUNG Edward Robey, George Robey's son, and now a barrister with a growing practice, has been attending all the Wagner nights. He went off to Bayreuth last year and is a great enthusiast for serious music. I wonder whether he ever thinks of his father's appearance at Covent Garden in a revue presented there by Sir Oswald Stoll. This show was rather less lively than Sir Oswald's financial articles, and had about as much humour in it as Bimetallism or the Bank Rate. Poor George did his best, and it was a good best. But—nothing doing.

George Robey is now touring successfully in South Africa, whither he journeyed in the good ship *Saxon*. He will be back in London in September.

I RATHER suspected when I read of an attempt to kidnap Evelyn Laye that all was not exactly well with *The New Moon*. The engagement of Harry Welchman as the hero to co-star with her (as they say in film-land) rather confirms the fact that additional magnets (not magnates, for Mr. Solly Joel is a host in himself) were needed. Welchman has a large following, for his appearance is romance itself, though I fear he has had a thin time at Daly's of late. All, however, should now be well.

Can it be that the Bolshefied plot—down with kings and "up the rebels" sort of thing—of *The New Moon* does not suit the patrons of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane? This struck me most forcibly at the time and I commented thereon in these columns.

By Jack Greenall

"Why, doctor, you told me to show my tongue, but you've not so much as glanced at it"
"Oh, that's all right. I just said it to keep you quiet whilst I wrote the prescription!"

Sobol, Paris

The Barry Twins who are appearing at the Charity Dance organised by Lady du Maurier in aid of the Ladies' Theatrical Guild at the Piccadilly Hotel on Sunday, June 2. They recently returned from a successful Continental tour

"I'm tired of life. If

"True blue" next time, please, Sir Alfred Butt! At any rate, do not let us have the death of a king, even of a French king, announced with an air of truculent triumph.

LONDON is always brightened considerably at this time of year by the arrival of Oriental potentates, dusky minor royalties from afar, whose visits are of mysterious political import, and whose clothes and umbrellas strike wonder into Savile Row. I find them lovable as well as decorative. At present we have the Sawbwa of Mongmit (to whom we are handing anything but the frozen mit), and the picture of him being taught golf on the roof of his hotel made such an instant appeal that I now want a Sawbwa of my very own. I'm sure he would be much nicer than an Mpret of Albania. On the other hand, a Ras is apt to be an awkward thing to present anyone with; I saw the Ras Tafari, who was over here a few years ago, lose his temper, and one realised that there may be something in being the "Ras Tafari Negus, King of Kings of Ethiopia, the Conquering Lion of Judah," even when he wears a bowler hat. Sir Ofori Atta, who was with us last year, was a more benign person; he wore a golden crown, wrote articles for the papers, and was accompanied by a gorgeously clad small boy whom he called his "Soul."

IT will take some time before we can accustom ourselves to the fact that Harry Dalmeny is Lord Rosebery. So long had his father reigned that the "orator of Empire" was regarded as something as unchangeable as—well, Rosebery Avenue, and a good deal more picturesque. The Primrose family are, by the way, almost unique in having portions of London bearing their names during their lifetime, for Dalmeny Court is a spot favoured by the wealthy bachelors of Jermyn Street.

It is a mistake to suppose that the new Lord Rosebery is indifferent to politics. He is not, of course, likely to follow his father's footsteps and become Prime Minister, and he is not so good a speaker as one might imagine from his flow of quite amusing conversation. But he will talk about politics by the hour, is a keen Liberal, and has never forgotten his experiences as M.P. for Midlothian, which he gave up a commission in the Grenadiers to become.

LADY ROSEBERY is a sweetly pretty woman, a fearless rider to hounds (riders to hounds are always described as fearless, but the description is correct), has some wonderful pearls, and was formerly Lady Belper.

Back in the 18th century there was a Dalmeny romance which is almost, if not quite, forgotten. Lord Dalmeny, son of the second Lord Rosebery, fell in love with a beautiful girl called Kitty Canham, and went through a marriage ceremony with her. They lived together happily at Florence, and on her death bed she confessed that she was really the wife of a Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex. The remarkable thing was that she was buried at Thorpe; that the clergyman-husband and Lord Dalmeny (who is said to have been quite unaware that Kitty was married to another) followed the coffin in perfect amity, and that the latter paid for the tombstone. A queer story.

By STARR WOOD

e way to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon?"

Central News

IN "THE RING"—NON-MUSICAL VARIETY

Mr. Owen Nares taking boxing lessons with his "professor," Fred Dyer, before playing lead in "Hold Everything," which opened at Glasgow last Monday. In this play he takes the part of a boxer who knocks out a champion and he determined his performance should be up to spar. Hence the boxing practice

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC

Two Mexican doctors are giving injections of ordinary alcohol as an anæsthetic at operations.

Oh, doctor, dear, I greatly fear
I'm far from well to-day.
In fact, I feel I've varicocele,
Housemaid's knee and cricketer's heel,
And a stab in my chest that makes me squeal,
So what about it, pray?

My lungs aren't strong, my heart is wrong,
My liver's out of gear;
I must explain I've a terrible pain
That stops for an hour then starts again;
I'm sure it's some ghastly kind of strain,
So help me, Doctor dear.

And also note I've Parson's Throat
With tennis elbow, too;
I'm bound to state my agony's great,
In fact, I'm in a terrible state;
So I simply insist you operate
For nothing else will do.

No, I'm not strong; in fact, I'm wrong
All through from head to hoof,
But, believe me, boy, when you come to employ
Anæsthetics that never annoy,
I'll cheer the dose through very joy
If it's "nothing under proof."

B. W.

AT THE PLAY

ON THINGS IN GENERAL

THINGS theatrical have been as dull of late as a wet Sunday in Wigan. That is so far as new productions are concerned, though the talk about the talkies and the chatter which leads one to suppose that this new invention will be the death-blow to the stage has been simply deafening!

PERSONALLY, I believe that when the invention is perfected—and it is far from being perfect yet, as I know from aural experience of a painful kind—the talkies won't kill the theatre, but they *will* give a knock-out blow, of which Mr. Leonard Harvey would not be ashamed, to the silent film.

THE croakers and "knockers," who are the Cassandras of the theatre, point a gloomy finger at the queues which line up outside the cinema palaces where the less raucous films are attracting large audiences, and suggest that the days of the theatre are numbered. These folk forget that when theatres are running good shows people are also lining up in queue!

THERE are several plays in London which are doing big business *and at prices which are more than double* those charged by the cinemas. If you doubt my word, stroll round to the Savoy Theatre and ask for a stall for the same evening for *Journey's End*. You will be met with a polite intimation that there's nothing doing. Watch the queue at the Gaiety Theatre in the early morning anxious to book seats for a pit which is now upstairs! Repeat your Savoy visit at the London Pavilion and see what accommodation can be offered you for *Wake Up and Dream* for the same night. Have a shot at *Mr. Cinders* at the Adelphi.

BELIEVE me or believe me not, theatres will continue to do well while they give the public good value for money; what, however, does the theatre as a whole incalculable harm is the bad judgment displayed by certain managements in staging rubbish and by the unbusinesslike methods of theatrical managers. Let me instance one of these latter to start with.

WHETHER the public still goes to the theatre as it used to is, I admit, doubtful, but a very large number indeed like to read the notices of shows in the newspapers and are guided by them. Now, with the best will in the world, the dailies cannot deal properly with more than one production on one night, for space is limited, and dramatic critics are also limited, in number, if not, as disgruntled actors sometimes aver, limited in intelligence.

GOOD notices in the dailies give a play a kick-off—the box offices will vouch for this—and yet how often do we see clashes? Not seldom two, and sometimes three, first nights are all staged for the same evening! The West End Managers' Association is supposed to control this sort of thing, and I know one manager who joined its ranks solely for the purpose of avoiding clashing dates, but for all the good it does this Association is of about as much use as a sick headache!

WHAT is the result? The Press devotes some space to one, a good deal less to the other, and, if lucky, the third production will get a couple of lines or so tucked away in

By
VERNON WOODHOUSE

Illustrations of "The Matriarch" at the Royalty Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

Angela Baddeley, who has scored a big success in the name-part created by Fay Compton in "Mary Rose," seen with Francis Lister. Sir James Barrie's great play was revived recently at the Haymarket Theatre

some obscure corner! Had these three plays been produced on different nights, publicity worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds would not have been wantonly wasted!

ANOTHER thing which does the theatre incalculable harm is the bad judgment displayed by managers in staging plays which are failures, and *could* be nothing else. Such a play was lately produced at the Kingsway Theatre. This was *The Autocrat*, the part author of this being Mr. F. R Prior, author of *Marigold*, who, I believe, in earlier days, used to back plays, not write them.

I SHOULD hesitate to say that this is the worst play I have ever seen. because I have seen some terrors in my time, but I can conscientiously assert that seldom have I seen a play which had so little to recommend it. The plot was old-fashioned and feeble, the characterisation was almost non-existent, and the dialogue, even when it stuck to the point—which was seldom—was dreary to a degree. Had Sir Gerald du Maurier, Gladys Cooper, Marie Tempest and Leslie Henson taken the principal parts, I doubt if even such a quartette of box-office attractions could have induced the public to pay money to see such piffle.

THE reason why I so strongly object to hopeless shows being put on is not because I have to see them, but for the reason that it gives the unthinking the chance of believing that nowadays there is nothing good to be seen on the stage. "*Another* rotten play," they ejaculate when reading the notices, and another rotten play puts them off going to the theatre and seeing good ones. This is an illogical attitude, I know, but it is one which is often adopted. As for the poor mutts who spend good money on seeing a bad show, their failure to be entertained means that they will not again waste their cash, after so an unfortunate experience, for ever so long, and thus good shows suffer for the bad.

"*Mary Rose*" at the Haymarket Theatre

REVIVALS bring changes, and *Mary Rose* is now old enough to require almost a completely new cast. In fact, the only early Barrieite left is Hilda Trevelyan, who is soaked in the spirit of the Scottish author, and, as usual, is charming. Among the newcomers, Francis Lister holds his own with any predecessor, but Angela Baddeley cannot quite blot out the memory of Fay Compton's beautiful performance, though I hasten to add it is an excellent one.

GEORGE CURZON, as the Scotch gillie, is first rate, and J. H. Roberts and Morris Harvey are both admirable as the two old gentlemen who squabble over engravings. That the play still holds an audience in its grip was proved when on the first night one member was carried out in a fit of hysterics! *Mary Rose* could, I believe, keep Marie Tempest waiting for some time before she appears at the Haymarket in St. John Ervine's new play.

V. W.

THE BOOK SOCIETY'S CHOICE FOR MAY

By CLEMENCE DANE

"THE EMBEZZLERS"

By VALENTINE KATAEV

(Ernest Benn, Ltd. : 7s. 6d.)

To say that a book "grows on you" is not to damn it with faint praise. It implies, to begin with, a second reading! As a matter of fact I have just read *The Embezzlers* for the third time, and foresee that it will have to stand on a handy shelf, for, odd book that it is, "it grows on you!"

Throughout the first reading I laughed, but a second reading did not make me laugh, it made me ashamed of laughing. Do you remember that exquisite artist, the actor Weedon Grossmith? He was part author of the immortal *Diary of a Nobody*, and was without a rival as impersonator of "nobodies." He once played a harmless little lunatic who imagined himself Napoleon, and he was so wildly funny in the part that at first, taken by surprise, you laughed yourself helpless; and went on laughing till he gave you one of his child-like, defenceless looks. Then, suddenly, you realised that you had committed the hideous crime of laughing at infirmity, at pain, at innocence. Artist that he was, he shamed you past bearing, after having forced you by his very art to laugh where you should have wept.

❋

The author of *The Embezzlers*, Valentine Kataev, does the same thing to the reader. For the plot is farcical: it makes you laugh: while the nobodies of the story are real, and make you cry. The story begins in present-day Moscow. We enter an accountant's office and meet the hero of the story—hero, that is, in the writer's sense of central figure of the book—a roll-together of Don Quixote and Mr. Mantalini. There is a touch of Kipling's Brugglesmith in him, too, and a touch of Conrad's Heyst: he is the father of Grimm's Youth Who Learnt to Shudder, and heir of all the depressing central figures of all the Russian novels ever written. He is also himself, Philip Stephanovitch Prohoroff, a soldier who has fought in the Japanese War and gone into the reserve with the rank of staff-captain, but has obtained exemption from serving in the European War. "Nor," says the author—and it makes odd reading—"Nor had the Revolution which followed more effect on him than on any other accountant who lived at the time on territory previously included in the Russian Empire. None of them was much affected. In fact, Stephanovitch was a model citizen. And all this notwithstanding, there was just a little impish, adventurous streak in his character, which once led him to advertise for a wife, and at the beginning of the novel is about to wreck a prosperous-snabby career and bring down upon his unfortunate head a five years' sentence for embezzlement.

❋

Behold him now, a middle-aged man, with a liverish eye, a rather long nose, and a long, greenish moustache which sat as if on horseback over his bare chin, setting out with his Sancho Panza, young Ivan the cashier, to fetch the weekly cash for salaries from the bank. For Philip Stephanovitch is a chief accountant. Unfortunately, the pair stop on the way back to refresh themselves at a café, where they excite their poor brains with spirits and arguments in the shrill Alice-in-Wonderland manner of the Russian novel, until—O my little sixpence!

I spent a penny of it,
I lent another,
And I brought fourpence home to my wife!

And the tragi-comedy has begun!

❋

The culprits continue to drink more than is good for them—what else are poor folk to do who have artistic temperaments and have spent tuppence that doesn't belong to them, when their wives don't approve and they get shut out of their flats? The orgy is on so grand a scale that when they wake up the next morning on the train for Leningrad they have not the least idea how they got there. But they find that they have paid not only for their own tickets, but for the ticket of an exceedingly odd companion—one Isabella. Arrived at the capital they have adventures so nightmarish that there is no remedy but to get drunk again. Though they refuse to consider themselves thieves, and talk grandiloquently of keeping accounts, the borrowed money slips through their fingers. They escape at last from their companion and from the terrifying city, and embark upon a wild flight through Russia.

❋

They are glorious in their career as a runaway train, and the end, as with runaway trains, is smash! Penniless, they find themselves once more in Moscow, and the dazed, repentant Stephanovitch hurtles into his wife's flat, starved, sick, tattered, with nothing to show for all his adventures.

What can nothing buy for a wife?

Then justice appears. The ex-staff-captain is marched off "in a shabby woman's cape, his head enveloped like a woman's in a hood tied at the back in a knot; a bottle of greenish-coloured milk dangled in a net-bag from his hand. Young Ivan at his side took his hand out of his pocket and stealthily showed to Nikita five outstretched fingers — 'five years!'

"Nikita made a long face, shook his head in sympathy. 'Five years, I say, oh, oh!' And then young Ivan understood, as if for the first time, as in a dream, the real meaning of freshness and youth as it moved around him.

"Five years!—and he began to think of that amazing, wonderful, and inevitable day five years hence when he would come out of prison into liberty."

One is left hoping that good conduct will earn this pair some remittance of those long five years: for, lunatics though they are, they have charm: just as the book has charm. For if, on a first and second reading, you are concerned with the story and the heroes, on a third reading you find yourself fascinated by the amazing sketches of a life so remote from ours that we can hardly believe it real. Yet the author is alive to-day, and his book was written long after the Revolution. It is real, and it is modern: the book, in fact, is happening in Russia now. That is another reason why it is worth three readings.

Russell

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM

Who writes the introduction to the English translation of "The Embezzlers," discovered this Russian novel for The Book Society

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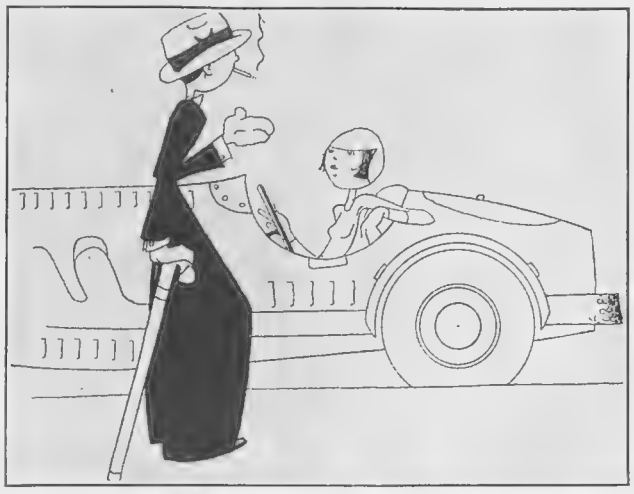

HELPING LAURETTA

By MANVILLE KEITH

I'VE known Lauretta since she was in the kindergarten stage, when her brother and I were keeping our first term at Oxford, and she trades on it outrageously.

Having been hauled out of bed at some ghastly hour in the morning by the ringing of the telephone bell, I was not surprised, therefore, to hear her voice over the wire. I grunted a "good morning" and waited her pleasure.

"'Morning, Nigel. You *do* sound grumpy. I hope you'll be better tempered at lunch."

"Why?" I demanded incautiously.

"Because you're standing lunch to *me*. I want to talk to you very importantly."

"What's the matter with the telephone?" I growled.

"What's the matter with the Berkeley?" she retorted.

Before I could think of a suitable answer she continued: "Make it one-fifteen, because I've some shopping to do first, and for heaven's sake try to turn up sober!"

I was on the point of saying something really brilliant in reply when she rang off.

"LOOK here," said Lauretta as we started on the smoked salmon, "you are what's usually called a 'man of the world,' aren't you?"

"The world, the flesh, *and* the devil," I amended cheerfully.

"Then you've got to give me some advice."

"Certainly. Always wear that shade of blue. It suits you."

"You remember Sam?" Lauretta continued, ignoring my last remark.

"Sam?" I repeated thoughtfully. "Sam Lewis? Sam Sothern? Sam Isaacs? Sam-son? Sam——"

"Don't be fatuous. I mean *the* Sam!"

"Oh, the boy-friend."

"The *fiancé* to you, please!"

"Sorry! What's the trouble?"

"Well, he's in Peru, you see."

"Never mind. I don't suppose he's being eaten by llamas—or do llamas come from Thibet? I never remember."

"I know that, silly. I'm not worrying about anything happening to him. Nothing ever *does* happen to Sam," she added morosely.

"Then why worry? Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that."

"That's just where you're wrong," Lauretta contradicted. "You see," she hurried on, "I didn't know Sam awfully well when we got engaged—it was one of those all-of-a-sudden house-party affairs, and then a month afterwards he was offered this job in Peru and was whisked away before I had realised what had happened."

"A bit tough on you."

Lauretta nodded slowly.

"That was three years ago, Nigel. Three long years; and a deuce of a lot can happen in that time if you are twenty-two and a charming young woman to boot."

"I should hate to boot any young woman—even if she was conceited enough to call herself charming."

"Well, that's how things stand. I've been the dutiful bride-to-be all this time. Written long letters, never let other men kiss me——"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Not *real* kissing, I mean," Lauretta explained. "You can't count kisses at dances and all that sort of thing."

"What it boils down to is this," I said. "You've done your best to carry on as the absent Sam's betrothed, but Love the Conqueror was too strong. You love er-nuther."

"I won't say I'm actually in love," she replied, "but there *is* a man I like rather a lot. *Quite* rather a lot, in fact."

"Who is he?" I demanded.

"That's not the point," she reminded me severely. "What I want to know is: What does A do now?"

I THOUGHT hard for a few moments.

"I've got it!" I said. "Write to this Sam fellow and tell him you can't marry him."

"The man's a marvel!" she exclaimed. "How little England knows of her greatest men!"

"Cynicism does not become you," I rejoined haughtily. "What advice *do* you want, anyhow?"

"Advice to a Young Girl about to write breaking off her engagement. Not being experienced in such matters, I can't for the life of me think how to word it in a way that will let Sam down as lightly as possible."

"There are," I said, "several forms you can use. Firstly, the 'Sisterly.'"

"How do I work that?"

"Oh, that goes something like this: 'Although we can never wed, do not let us part in anger. I should be proud indeed to be a sister to you.'"

"Good God!" Lauretta gazed at me in open-mouthed horror. "People have been shot for less than that! If I wrote to Sam like that he would be perfectly justified in shooting me on sight, you poor mutt!"

"All right, all right!" I said hastily. "Let us now pass to Exhibit B—the 'Solemn Soul-searcher.' Communing with your soul in the long, still watches of the night as you tossed feverishly to and fro on your virginal couch, you repeatedly asked yourself if the lamp of love was indeed burning as brightly, as clearly as of yore. Is there a chance——"

"NOT a ghost of a chance!" retorted Lauretta. "Why the devil you want me to make the wretched youth think I've gone completely and gloriously 'batty' I can't imagine!"

"Right down the car, please!" I hurried on. "Number Three: The 'Temperamental Twist.' Clashing of egos would result in psychological reactions detrimental to cosmic influences subconsciously acting on hyper-reciprocative entities."

"What the blue smoke does all *that* mean?"

"Haven't the foggiest!" I confessed. "You can always lift chunks of it out of any ultra-modern novel."

"No go, Mr. Nigel; show next article to moddom, please."

"I blush to mention such a thing before an innocent young girl, but there still remains the 'Epistle Eugenic.' The future of the race to be considered. Healthy children being a paramount essential——"

"*That's* a wash-out," Lauretta interrupted. "Sam's as strong as an ox, and I'm as fit as a fiddle. We should have perfectly wonderful babies, and lots of them, probably."

"Spare my blushes! How about the 'Self-Abasement' style? 'As I'd never be worthy of your great love and burning devotion, seek one who's more deserving, more——'"

"Cut it out!" she demanded indignantly. "How dare you suggest I should say things like that! Sam's quite swollen-headed enough as it is. Really, you aren't being very helpful, are you?"

I thought hard for a few moments. Then it was that To-day's Great Thought dawned upon me.

"Won't be a minute," I cried. "Get your car, and we'll meet outside."

"I WON'T be indiscreet enough to ask where you've been," she said when I joined her in Piccadilly, "but how about my problem?"

"Oh, *that's* all solved and done with. Read that!" I handed over a Foreign Telegraphs form.

"'Sorry Sam, engagement off. Simply must marry Nigel after all. All the best.—Lauretta,'" she read.

"Well, of all the nerve! Do you *really* think I'm going to send this?"

"Certainly not, darling," I said firmly. "That's only a copy. I've already sent the original."

Lauretta was silent for a moment. Then she smiled slowly.

"You *are* rather a marvel, you know, Nigel," she said; and, regardless of a passing 'bus, blew me a kiss.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE BRIGHT WOMAN

By Elinor Mordaunt

Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM

WAPPING OLD STAIRS were incredibly slippery with the slime of many outgoing tides, laden with filth. David Yeld's foot slipped getting out of his boat, just after he had made the painter fast, and he was pretty nearly all in, with the lurid, yellow-grey outrunning tide above one knee; that rotten treacherous tide; that beastly river; deep-sea sailor as he was, he hated, dreaded, river water.

But to begin with there was a girl on the stairs and that had put him out. All the same, it was the girl who saved him, with an arm like steel, a slim rounded rod of steel.

"It's ill luck to trip on the stairs," she said; then again: "ill luck to pass on the stairs, Caballero."

There was a strange sing-song roll in her words, every syllable widely separate.

"Anyway, it's a bloody queer place to be sitting o' nights, in all this 'ere muck, right in a chap's way. 'Ow's a chap to get up them there steps, I'd like to know?" grumbled Dave, angry with himself, angry with her for what she had made him feel. And it was not his foot alone that had slipped, his heart had jolted with a queer sort of shock. "You'll be sorry come to-morrow, sittin' there on that damp stone," he prophesied darkly.

But she only laughed, with a flash of white teeth, as she showed him a thick dark blue coat, folded into a cushion upon which she had been seated. Though, anyhow, that was no sorter way to treat a man's coat, an' no woman on earth had any right to smile like that, thought Dave.

THE East London girls grinned or smirked—all but Chrissie, their grin was all teeth and gum, their smirk showed plainly to any man that they knew their value, giving just so much, withholding just so much.

But this girl's smile gave all: broke up her face like the sun in a clouded sky, irradiating everything like sudden rain in a drought, the song of birds. There was a sort of abandonment in it, too, that Dave Yeld had never met with before. It promised so much that it was almost indecent; a passionate, red-lipped mouth, warm hugging arms. Women who laugh like that strip themselves, set a man's head swimming.

And there was more to it, though for the life of him Dave Yeld could not have put words to it: for here was danger as well as beauty; the sort of girl who wears a knife in her stocking, would use it, too, an' all, for love; love and the world well lost—love of a sort.

She said it, too; "I'm waiting to kill him when he comes out."

The smile had gone, the ripe laughing mouth was hard as a tight-twisted cord of crimson silk. Once in Northern Australia a shipmate had showed Dave a black opal, with a flame in the heart of it—an incredible, burning, wicked, wonderful thing, flashing and winking as you turned the stone in your hand.

And that was what this girl's eyes were like. As for her mouth, he tried not to look; there was something he had once read or heard of the gates of hell. There was a queer surging heat through his brain: flowers—red roses and flame in a mist across his eyes. What the devil——?

IT was night: a deep clear blue-black sky with stars, but without a moon. Nowadays, however, a great arc lamp hung just above the Stairs; an afterthought of the powers that be—long, long after too many good sailor men had been slid silently down them, and into the river, with their pockets turned inside out—or, like enough, no pockets, no clothes, mother-naked, nothing whatever apart from the tattoo. And silly stay-at-homes, knowing nothing of the perils of strange ports, wonder why sailors are tattooed. Hang it all, if there's anything left, what with crimps and coshers and fish, a fellow likes to think that there's something—well, something about him that is him.

This girl—woman rather, for her breasts were full and rounded, and she was deep through from chest to back, with the sort of hips as far out of fashion in East London as they are in the West End: the body of a woman made for man's pleasure and the bearing of his children—this woman, then—what was he thinking?—David Yeld took a round turn on his thoughts and brought them back—what was she up to using a man's good coat for a cushion on them there mucky steps? An' with a shawl of her own, an' all.

Now shawls in Wapping are drab and warm, or warmish; worn by women with men's caps skewered upon their frowzy hair with long black-headed pins; or large flat black straw hats; the sort of women who work in Covent Garden Market shelling peas and suchlike from long before dawn each morning.

But this—this was amazing! A "sort o' a shawl," was how Dave thought of it. For it was bright green, the colour of the young rice fields he had seen in Java, the brightest green in all the world—thickly worked over with red roses and blue roses and long-stemmed orange daisies; strange purple blossoms; and long-tailed birds of many colours which seemed to scream at you as the colours screamed—those savage colours.

OH, so she was waiting to kill a man, was she? David Yeld had been too long at sea, making landfall at strange ports, from Rio to Singapore, round and back again, to have any doubts whatever about murder. Why, it was happening all the time, common as dirt it was—an' dirt enough in it, too—though there were fools who chose to pretend otherwise; others—poor boobs—who had never been beyond their own villages. Though even in villages, Sussex villages, queer things happened.

The Lord knew young Dave Yeld didn't want to get mixed

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up in anything—there was Chrissie to be thought of. He knew that the one sensible thing for him would be to move on, shrug aside this bright woman, this tropic bird—as altogether foreign as those which, wide mouthed, shrieked their brilliance from her shawl—with that same harsh bird-like voice, as they might have—parakeets or macaws; and yet such queer deep, soft notes in it, too. Oh, well, hang it all, what was he thinking of? Anyhow, how the devil did she come to be here? A thing like this, alighting, by God only knew what chance, on the slime of Wapping Old Stairs.

Of course, to press past her, walk straight on, that was the course for his steering. All the same, thrilled with a strange curiosity, a tingling sense of excitement, he just couldn't do it. Took refuge instead in that Sussex stolidity which went so well with his great frame, his staring blue eyes, his short ruffled fair hair, blunt features.

"You'll be havin' the cops on yer if yer talk wild like that there 'ere. This ain't the country for killin'! This ain't none o' yer foreign ports o' call. Yer keep yer tongue 'atween yer teeth, young 'ooman. Or if yer 'usban's gotta drink o' two inside 'im when he comes out——"

She rocked at that, rocked to and fro on her high heels, with her hands on her hips, breaking into his words with a loud laugh: "My 'usband, you say. If 'ee was my 'usband—I would not ca-e-r-e—if 'ee was my 'usband it would not matter. No, not that," she flung one hand in the air; snapped her fingers, loud as a pistol shot: "But a lover—a lover, the man you hold against your heart o' nights"—she paused a moment, and her parrot voice dropped to a deep sweetness as she added "nights o' love."

"We reckon as 'ow they're one an' the same thing," protested Dave, reddening. Though for no reason whatever, this woman's loose talk seemed to belittle, water-down all his thoughts of marriage with Chrissie; that clear, bright vision, with a little house, muslin curtains, flowers in pots in the window—Chrissie, sweet and fresh and clean, no longer overworked, underfed—all that which had seemed so well worth working and waiting for faded now to a thin dream.

"Dios mios, how can you love the man you cook for, work for, wipe floors for, kiss with your mouth full o'—

"She turned her body completely round on the axle of her hips . . . the long, fine, sharp knife in one hand"

what things you call them?—clothes pegs. See here," she put one small hand against Dave's breast and spoke softly, drawling out her words: "Love is a bright dream to live in, an embroidered shawl to wrap in—love is so long, long, too—short—long—nights together—ecstacy." She threw back her head, showing the curve of her neck like a peeled almond in the blue night, speaking the word with a lisp "ex-tathy." While to David Yeld, who had never so much as heard it in its crisp, common use, it sounded altogether improper.

But there, the whole affair was improper. These foreigners—Dagoes, above all—a queer lot they were. "The bloody limit!" he thought uncomfortably.

"I love him—he is my lover, I tell you," went on that harsh, hoarse whisper—"my lover," did you ever hear the like of that? "See here, for him I devour myself." She clasped both hands to her heart and shook them, tore at herself. "An' now—now—oh, what think you—you big, blue-eyed doll of a man? Eh, what think you?"

She leant forward towards him, with her great angry eyes flaming into his—flaming, and yet, in some queer way caressing: so close that he could feel the warmth of her body, catch the strange heady scent which hung about her like ripe, sun-warmed tropic fruit.

"I love—love, I tell you. An' do you know what love is, eh, my dear? Love and hate, never one without the other, pain and flaming pleasure. Who should know it if not I? And yet—yet, what is it he says to me?—that man! Me, mind you, *me*." With a wild sweeping gesture she indicated herself as though there were a hundred people around her. "Stay here—stay here, 'ee says," she cried, mimicking a man's deep voice with that ridiculous, slurring lisp "Sthay 'ere—sthay 'ere—me—me!" She swept both hands, with the finger tips sloped inwards, towards her breast. "As if I wath a pa-a-r-thal to be left—to be left 'ere—'ere—while 'ee—'ee——. In there, I tell you."

Something in the toss of her chin, the shrug of a shoulder, indicated "The Hand and Blossom"—and what a name for a pub in dockland!

"Reckon a cove's a right ter 'is glass o' beer," muttered Dave uneasily, but she did not so much as hear him.

"With a girl—a girl, I tell you," she swept on. "A girl with yellow hair. I looked through the window—I saw her, Caballero."

"A'right—a'right! A girl? Well, who should know that better than Dave himself, his own girl, the girl he was on his way to see. Though why he did not say so he could never tell. Why he let this Bright Woman say, as she did say—bitingly scornful:

"If that's 'is idea of pretty—that pale thing!" Then add: "But it is enough, enough, I tell you. It is enough."

It was an August night; there was a substratum of cool, dank river air, but the heat of the day still beat upon them from the buildings: the curved mass of the great dark old houses of the pierhead, with the "Hand and Blossom" pressed close against the back of them, squat and garish.

The Bright Woman stooped to her white stocking. Dave saw the shapely line of her leg, the gloss of silk, and a fine, swiftly-moving bright line of light.

She turned her body completely round on the axle of her hips, and back again with one elbow raised in a magnificent gesture, flinging her shawl about her, all taut down one side, moulding the lines of her figure, and the fringe, like the loose feathers of a wing, fluttering outwards on the other, the long, fine, sharp knife in one hand.

At the moment the door of the "Hand and Blossom" opened with a broad band of light—like a strip of carpet unrolled, running down towards them—and a tall, slender man, in his white shirt sleeves, came out of it, reeling a little. "Hey, you there, you Spanish jade, you—my coat. Where the devil are you? I want my coat."

The woman had been pressed flat back in the shadow against the wall of the steps, and as she sprung Dave flung his arm about her. It was like holding a live, red-hot wire. He hooked one leg round hers for a better grip, to keep his feet on the slimy steps, and felt her thigh like steel. Yes, that was it; soft, full-breasted as she had seemed, she was all steel—cruel, too, jealous as death

The hand with the knife was against his heart; he could feel it through the open front of his shirt, cold like a snake. Holding her, pressed half against himself and half against the wall, he cried out sharply to the man whose feet were already on the step, "Look out—look out, there!"

But the other only peered towards; threw back his head and laughed. "My cast-off," he said; and then, "Well, you're welcome, whoever you are." And picking up the coat, running lightly down the steps—brushing past them with another laugh—he jumped into a boat close against Dave's in the falling tide at the foot of the steps, stooped to unfasten the painter.

The woman in Dave's arms had gone limp; suddenly and entirely limp; soft as a tress of silk; and in sudden remorse, thinking he might have hurt her—enraged and amazed—knocked all of a heap by the cool insolence of the man whose life he had saved—feeling himself disgustedly through with it, "Oh, well, 'is funeral, damn 'im! Dave loosed her; half tenderly steadying her with one hand.

For one moment there was that sense of her, stiffening afresh: the sense of a dangerous wild animal drawn together to spring, no longer within his arms but close enough for him to sense the danger, though too close for her to get him or his breast.

Then the wing of the shawl, with its trailing pinion of fringe, shot up over his shoulder, brushed his face, while something like a live wire struck him in the back between the shoulders; though even so, they were still too close pressed against the dank wall on the slippery step for her to get it straight. No blame to her in this though. "Did 'er damndest," thought Dave stupidly, then: "Did 'er damndest to do me in—me—me!" He was astounded.

And even then, as her high heels clattered down the steps and she leapt into the moving boat, clean into it, setting it swaying wildly with the fringe of the shawl a'flutter in the tides—with the amazement of it all, the pain of it all, the lap of water, his own legs turning to water beneath him—Dave Yeld realised those skudding heels as scarlet—scarlet heels—a scarlet woman!

"So that's that." Queer, that the Bright Woman's knife had felt so hot, a thin stream of biting heat, while the voice he had always known as sweet, a true Sussex voice—and that was what had drawn him first to the fresh slip of a girl so out of place back of the bar at the "Hand and Blossom"—a Sussex bloom in London slime—should strike so awful cold, like a thin icicle: "A'huggin' a woman o' the streets 'ere on *our* steps." For a moment the ice cracked. "Ain't yer ashamed of yersen, David Yeld?"

"Aye," answered Dave dully, and sat down suddenly, drawing himself tightly backwards, drawing his shoulder blades together, madly endeavouring to draw them back over that something which seemed to be draining the life out of him.

He looked up at Chrissie with a face as white as her own. In those few moments his eyes seemed to have grown all hollows: great deep furrows slashed his face either side of his drawn mouth.

He put one hand up to his back—first under his arm, then over his shoulder—took it away, and stared at it stupidly. Then he clutched upwards at his sweetheart's white apron—marking it with great dark stains—and cried out, though he had no idea what he said.

And how should *she* know why he said—unless it was that he seemed almost gone, his white shirt soaked through and through, as she knelt at his side and pulled back his coat, screaming for help—not "Chrissie—Chrissie," but "Cree-thee—Cree-thee."

Like that, just like that—pure Castillian: while years and years later, coming back from sea to his own home, his own, well-loved woman and his own children, whenever he saw glowing oranges unloading off the moving bridge on Gun Wharf—in the flash of shawls and bright rings in the pawnshops, where the loose women sold the presents that their sailor sweethearts bought them—some memory sent the blood to his head, his hand up to his back—where a deep scar lay just between his shoulders—with the sense of the old wound. And something more.

E. M.

Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton in a scene from "The Divine Lady." This film, which tells the love story of Lord Nelson, is to be seen at the Piccadilly Theatre

FILM NOTES

"A VERY MIXED BAG"

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

A chorus scene from the First National Vitaphone Talkie, "Broadway Babies." Alice White is the star in this production, which includes several original songs specially written for it

THE most amusing, in fact the only amusing, interlude in the new Palace programme is supplied by one Aimee Semple MacPherson, hot gospeller, who makes a brief but striking appearance in a Talkie news-gazette depicting her welcome back to California after her strenuous efforts to convert England. Mrs. MacPherson is amusing not because she is consciously trying to steal the thunder of Marion Davis or Colleen Moore, but presumably because, having no idea that this film would be shown in England, she promptly seizes the occasion to utter a series of the most audacious falsehoods—or shall we say exaggerations—that it has ever been my experience to hear. Enthusiastically "Sister" assures her followers that the Albert Hall was packed for every service (it certainly wasn't on the occasion of my visit there) and that she was unable to move a step in London without fighting her way through cheering and adoring crowds. As it was once my job to interview the lady behind the scenes, so to speak, I was able also to take this statement with a pinch of salt. However, one must forgive her a great deal, for she is really funnier than Buster Keaton.

Some of the chorus who figure prominently in "The Broadway Melody." This Talkie, which was first produced at the Empire a fortnight ago, created a great stir in the film world

AFTER this glorious low comedy the big film of the programme, "Strange Cargo," utterly failed to capture our interest. Why anyone should have considered this antiquated murder-story worth filming is more of a mystery than the plot itself, which is not saying very much. The action of the film takes place on board a yacht, and when the host, a sinister libertine, suddenly disappears in the dark the guests are one and all accused of murdering him. I only longed for someone to murder them, but unfortunately no one obliged. All the usual time-worn tricks of spirit-rappings, flickering lights, revengeful stowaways and Indian fakirs are employed to unravel this dismal mystery, the dialogue of which is as stilted and old-fashioned as "East Lynne."

WHEN the villain attempts to kiss the heroine, this proud girl tells him with disgust that his hands are still muddy with the foul scandals of his past life. The hero's proposal to this same lady closely resembles the parson's wooing in the funny old-fashioned play given on board the "Showboat." It is one of those films in which no female is capable of taking a few steps across the room unless her shoulders are encircled by the strong arm of a protective lover, and one soon begins to wonder whether or not these girls have even learned to walk unaided.

WITH the exception of a lachrymose and inarticulate blonde, who sighs and gasps throughout the film without a moment's cessation, the women's voices record with a clarity which, in view of the lines they have to

utter, I found excessively distressing. The cast is unknown to me, and I suggest that they were selected more for vocal than for photographic or decorative qualities. The Klangfilm-Tobis apparatus with which the picture is equipped is, however, excellent. Aimee MacPherson is easily the bright particular star of the Palace entertainment.

At the Plaza, Lupe Velez demonstrates once more to the entire satisfaction of her fans that she is capable of enlivening a stupid film merely by the force of her own vivid and flamboyant personality. "The Wolf Song" is a dull, banal story of a rough pioneer who falls in love with the daughter of a Spanish grandee. With Lupe it is not unamusing; without her it would be intolerable. The young Mexican star is possessed of an amazing self-confidence and a crude, spitfire humour which most people find wildly attractive, and one thing seems certain —she is either adored or detested. Her personality is too powerful for indifference. In "The Wolf Song" she is imprudent enough to sing, producing a small squeaky voice oddly at variance with her blazing eyes and wild, expressive face.

Gary Cooper plays the pioneer in a most irritating fashion, making him so sour, mulish, and uncouth that one finds it difficult to believe that any high-spirited girl could have wanted to elope with him. This, too, at a time when all Hollywood is ringing with reports of his real-life betrothal to Miss Velez! "The Wolf Song" is really very mediocre entertainment indeed, and it says much for the energetic disposition of the Mexican star that she is able to fuse it with any interest or vivacity whatsoever.

"Close Harmony" is a story of music-hall life written by Elsie Janis, who should surely know what she is talking about. Al West is an ambitious young man who conducts an unknown jazz-band, and hopes for what the Americans call a "lucky break." He finds it in the person of Marjorie, a successful music-hall dancer who persuades her amorous manager to try the boy out. Al's debut is not, however, in any way a remarkable success, and a pair of star comedians are soon engaged to take his place on the bill. Marjorie, who is in love with her protegé and much distressed by his failure, decides to "vamp" these stars in order that she may make them jealous and involve them in a fight which is to end in such ill-feeling that they will break their contract and leave the way free for Al. If you or I attempted such an elaborate and far-fetched scheme we should probably receive a black eye while the comedians continued excellent friends; as this is a film the girl immediately succeeds in her enterprise and the furious stars refuse to appear again.

Al, however, is more noble than both Little Lord Fauntleroy and his mother put together, and instead of being grateful for this assistance he indignantly declines to sign on the dotted line unless the battered comedians are told the truth. They forgive, and the girl forgives and Al kisses her. That is the story, and it is all very pleasant and light and amusing.

Those who like their heroes to be youthful and eager with curly hair and a noble soul will adore Charles Buddy Rogers. The more sophisticated will be less enthusiastic, but most people will approve of red-headed Nancy Carroll, who gives her usual shrewish performance as the managing Marjorie. "Close Harmony" is all—Talkie.

Eleanor Smith.

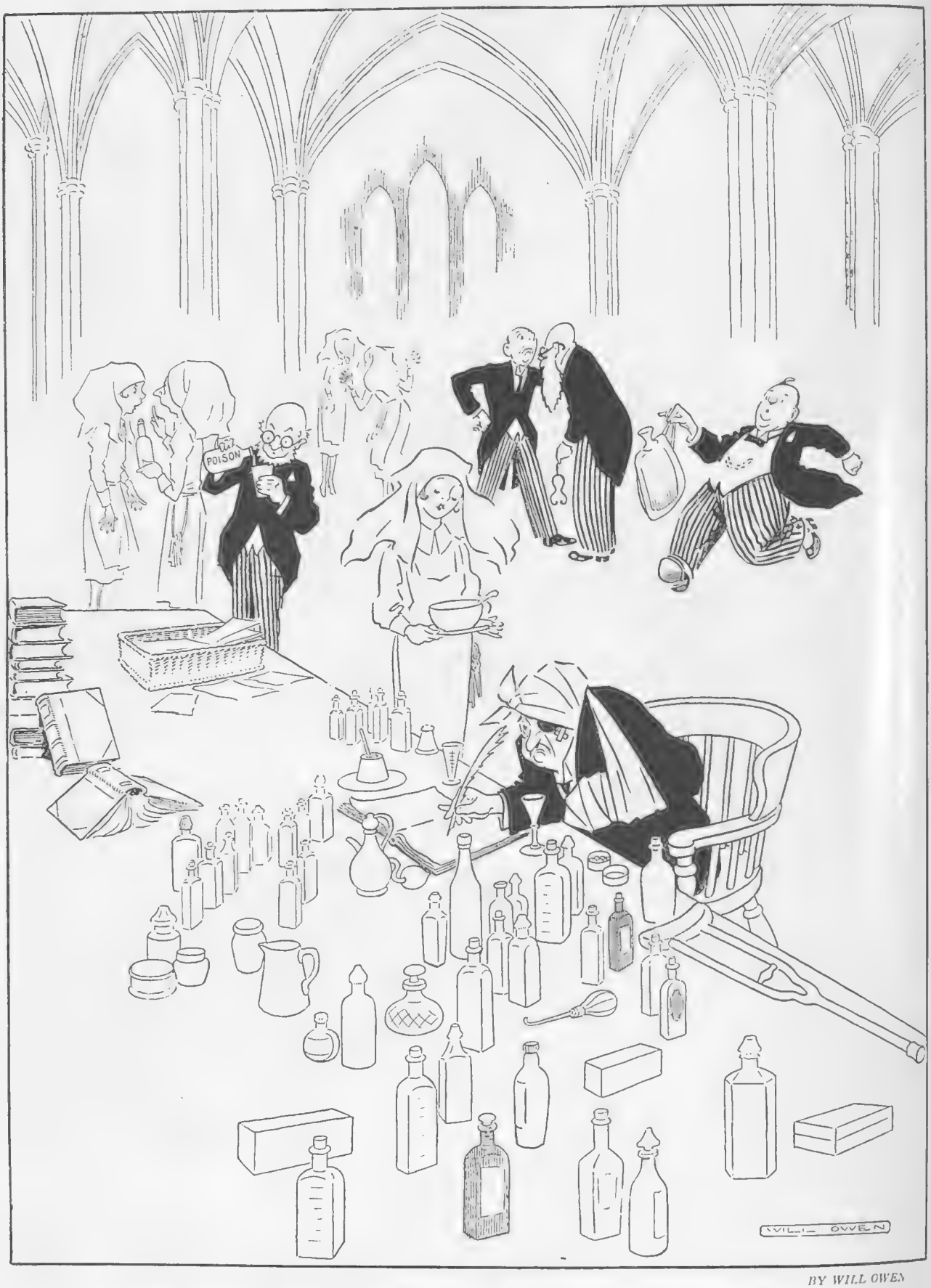
Marion Byron, Gladden James and Dorothy Mackaill in one of the latest American Talkie importations, "His Captive Woman." This film deals with the night life of New York and life in the South Seas

Another scene from "His Captive Woman," showing Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill, the two stars. It commenced a pre-release run at the Regal Cinema on May 20

Blind and Maimed Film Hero

That many handsome film actors have striven eagerly for the honour of portraying a character who is minus an arm and blind in one eye is surprising, but when the coveted rôle is that of Britain's most famous naval character, Lord Nelson, it is easily understood. "The Divine Lady," in which this actor appears, was presented at the Piccadilly Theatre on May 27.

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS



BY WILL OWEN

The Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health carries on despite everything

HANNEN SWAFFER Tells of THE WORST PLAY IN LONDON

Russell

THE CENSOR OF PLAYS

The Earl of Cromer, who fulfils the duties of Censor of Plays.

WHO says that Sundays in England are dull? You cannot play football, but baseball is there to see. Sunday cricket is unknown, but there is boxing instead . . . .

At last we have seen, staged on a calm Sabbath, *The Shanghai Gesture*, a play which shocked both Sir Gerald du Maurier and Henry Chance Newton. For once Lord Cromer was applauded by everyone. Never was he so popular. "I am told all the Smart Set was there," said Sir Gerald. "That just shows to what state our Society has fallen."

The truth is, of course, that a marquess took his wife, and an earl took his wife, and I saw Sir Francis Laking there, and a baronet and his spouse. A most respectable authoress sat in front of me with her equally respectable husband.

"Is it true that Philip Snowden is here?" demanded the reporters, hearing a rumour from Fleet Street. No, it was not true . . . .

Pola Negri, who married Prince Mdivani, whoever he may be, was, however, the centre of the show. Indeed, amid great excitement, a foreigner pushed past me to get to her box to ask if she would receive a Siamese diplomat who was in the house. He looked annoyed when I asked if he meant the Siamese Twins.

Audiences are always funnier than any show, and the people who stare at them going in are funnier than any audience.

THE Scala, you know, is in the midst of a lot of foreign restaurants. It is one of the alien quarters of London. Curious folk, with foreign hair and alien eyebrows, gloated outside. Inside, the foyer was jammed with people seeking to buy seats, annoyed because there was no room. You would have thought it was a great work of art. No, you would not, for then nobody would have gone.

"Seldom has such a wilfully loathsome and sickening play been allowed upon any stage in any land," said Chance Newton. "In addition to unsavoury and leering lines it contains much salacious business, all obviously worked in in order to make a special appeal to a class of playgoers who fall over each other to pay high prices for seats to encourage such foul blots upon the drama."

ON the occasion of the second performance Mr. Chance Newton was as much shocked by the audience as he was by the play.

"The vast audience," he wrote, "included many 'ladies' who, when not giggling at unsavoury details, were chiefly engaged plying lipstick and combing their hair. I met several people who boasted they had not only paid 24*s.* the night before, but had done ditto that Monday afternoon."

JAMES AGATE, almost the only critic who was not shocked, took the strange line, in justification of the performance, that "This play will obviously be filmed and shown all over China, if, indeed, this has not already happened."

Surely Mr. Agate knows *The Shanghai Gesture* was banned as a film two years ago. Will Hays, the American Censor, would have none of it. Critics should know the facts before they discuss such matters.

As for St. John Ervine, he took the other point of view—that *The Shanghai Gesture* was a thoroughly bad play.

"Were the Censor to ban it for its dull and undistinguished dialogue," he says, "for its paltry style, for its cheapness, for its zipless attempts to be sensational, and for its general silliness, he would be acting wisely and well, but to ban it on the score of its immorality would be ridiculous."

CERTAIN newspapers, stupidly misinformed, said that Al Woods, who produced the play in New York, was going to travel 6,000 miles, there and back, specially to see it in London! They added, with equal ignorance, that Lord Cromer would be there.

Now why should Mr. Woods travel 6,000 miles to see a play he had already seen a score of times, and why should Lord Cromer go at all?

The Lord Chamberlain would not dare to be seen at such a parade of indecency. Why, he would attract nearly as much attention as Pola Negri herself. And she was so much glared at that when she put her head out from behind a curtain in her box the stalls cheered.

LORD CROMER'S troubles over censorship are nearly as great as those which confront him when people want to go to Court, or rush for tickets for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Now and then, when I have gone to a garden party at Buckingham Palace, I have seen him, with one eye on the people he was lining up to present to the King, and the other eye on me. It has almost made me feel embarrassed. I know that at times I have said very harsh things about Lord Cromer and his office. The truth is, of course, that his job is the most trying one in the country.

We do not always remember

The views expressed in this article are Mr. Hannen Swaffer's solely, and are not to be taken as representing the opinions of the Editor in any degree

I. B.

A scene from "The Shanghai Gesture," which Hannen Swaffer condemns in this article, and asks how long such plays will be allowed to be produced by private societies, which at present cannot be controlled by the Censor

that whatever poor Lord Cromer did it would be wrong in the eyes of many people.

He has to consider international relations. For that reason he recently barred a revue sketch about Mussolini.

He has to preserve the reputations of politicians from attack. With that in view, he went to the length of stopping the Co-optimists from singing a song about Stanley Baldwin and his pipe!

A music publisher once complained to him that the song, *Did Tosti Raise His Bowler Hat When He Said Goodbye?* might annoy Lady Tosti.

When in the last André Charlot revue one of the authors planned a sneer at me, I called along at the Vaudeville and threatened to draw the Lord Chamberlain's attention to that.

Anyone can complain, and then, whatever happens, Lord Cromer is blamed.

ON the one side he has the London Council of Public Morality, with the Bishop of London complaining. On the other side he has George Bernard Shaw demanding complete freedom for the dramatist

Who would have such a job? It must be awful. Sometimes matters affecting Royalty prove very difficult. Even the title *To Meet the Prince* had to be altered to the phrase *To Have the Honour,* in case it caused offence.

But for Lord Cromer's censorship *The Shanghai Gesture* would have been staged in London long ago, for three managers told me during the interval that they would produce it immediately if a licence were granted. In fact, one had offered £10,000 down for the English rights. Another, a most respectable manager, could see no harm in it.

YET the strange thing about English law is that if the Censor bans your play you have only to call yourself a society, take a barn like the Gate Theatre under Charing Cross, or do it on Sunday evening in the National Sporting Club. If you pay 5*s.* so that you can sell tickets to your friends, Lord Cromer cannot say a word. The law is powerless.

Nearly all this filth comes from abroad, where it is written specially to attract nasty-minded pin-heads, and where there is a lower sense of public morality, and scarcely any idea of social duty.

MOTIVE should be the governing principle of censorship.

When he wrote *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* Shaw at least had reform in his mind, although he had nothing to say that most people did not know.

Damaged Goods, which dealt with disease, was finally licensed by the Lord Chamberlain during the War in the interests of public health, and on condition that no profit was made. *Ghosts,* banned for twenty-five years, was passed at the same time. Then it went on tour with a screaming poster, with the result that young people used to walk in, wait for the filth which they had paid to see, and then, disappointed, demand when the dirt was coming on.

I WAS blamed for championing *The Fanatics.* It went on tour for two years, and then was stopped at Norwich by the Chief Constable. *The Fanatics* at least dealt with sex seriously.

Now we have *Keepers of Youth,* which deals with a sex problem in a school. That will cause screams from headmasters. *Keepers of Youth* bears evidence of serious intent. Yet I saw the Lord Chamberlain's licence. It forbade the use of several lines that I should call gross indecency if uttered publicly. Yet one of the forbidden words was pased in *St. Joan,* yes, and in *The High Road* also.

Sometimes they try jokes on the Censor. Before *The Wolves* was submitted for his consent several swear words were added so that if he crossed some of them out he would leave those already in. He passed them all!

I CAN imagine Lord Cromer's face when Lee Ephraim originally submitted *The Shanghai Gesture* to him two years ago. I can see him staring incredulously at the plot—the story of a Chinese house of ill-fame, and its obscene traffic in human flesh, its male villain, a highly placed and titled merchant prince, at a Chinese treaty port. "Anti-British," screamed Montreal when the play was acted there. So for London they took out the "Sir" in front of his name and made him less pointedly an Englishman.

Lines were cut, too—incredible lines, things you would not dare to ask a decent woman to say. Even then *The Shanghai Gesture* remained an offence. In fact, it was too dirty for any ordinary evening. Only on Sundays are such things possible.

"WALK up, ladies and gentlemen! It is the Sabbath. Six days shalt thou labour, but the Sabbath is the day of licence and of lechery.

"The church bells are quiet now, for service is over, and the parsons have done preaching. Finished are the prayers, silent are the hymns. Let us look at a dirty play.

"Never mind the Censor. His powers extend only to week-days, and if you pay at the door. I have a friend who knows the bootleg way . . . . You can pay by the year, and then see anything—if you only call it Art."

H. S.

PARIS GOSSIP

CASH, CUTLETS and COSTUMES

By JAY MARTIN *Illustrations by SCHUS*

"He writes all the afternoon and far into the night"

A GREAT American bank has thoughtfully taken quarters in the Rue Cambon, directly opposite the Ritz entrance, so that if their clients run out of money they can stagger across the street, draw some, and stagger back again. I really think that a *sub-rosa* Rue Cambon Association has been formed: perhaps the rule that a man cannot enter the Ritz bar without a woman was made so that, when a couple gets good and tight, the man has to cross the street to get some more money, and his companion uses the bank to cable home for a divorce!

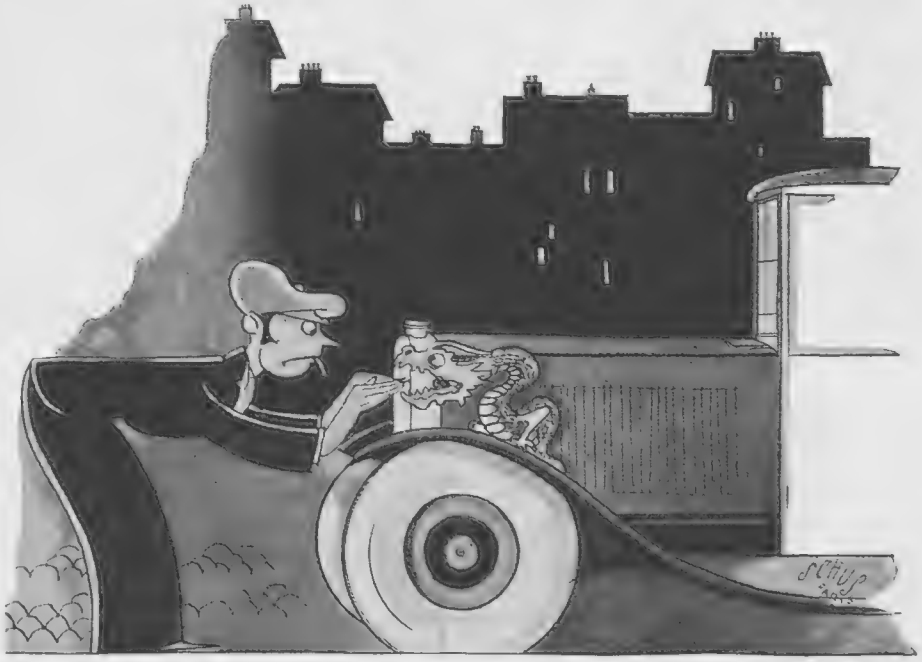
THEN she feels relieved and draws some money also, and going back to the Ritz they feel depressed, seeing how many of their compatriots have crowded in during their short absence, so they leave and stagger once more into the Rue Cambon and, seeing a lot of bottles in a window, they go into the shop, only to discover they are at Chanel's and that the bottles contain perfume.

ONCE there, they cannot get out; she buys a few costumes to match the perfume, and he is reminded of all the gifts he must take back to New York, and selects a lot of bags and belts and scarves. Then she wonders where she can go and show off her new clothes, and he suggests Touquet or Deauville, and there you have the reason why the hotels in France are so crowded and why so many accidents occur on the Deauville road. In fact, I think it's a subject for a drama, and I am sorry that I did not offer the idea to a famous French playwright whom I met the other evening.

THE night before last I went to a night club—the name of which I will never mention again—with Prince Serge Mdivani, and another boy for chaperon, as Pola Negri has not yet served Serge with divorce papers, and I do not want her to cite me as intervener. A friend spoke to Serge, saying that he had not yet dined, it being only one-thirty in the morning, so Serge invited him to join us, which he did. I did not catch his name, and did not suspect his identity until he started talking about his plays while eating veal cutlets. And I wondered what kind of plays a man wrote who could eat veal cutlets at such an hour.

HE then asked me if I had seen *Mélo*, so I recognised him as Henri Bernstein. So as a brilliant and unusual theme of conversation I asked Bernstein if he had ever been to America, and with equal originality he replied that he was afraid to go there as the life must be so rushed and the streets so noisy and crowded. And I said that if he seemed to be so happy in a small night club filled with what seemed to be thousands of people, and having saxophones blown down his ear, I could not see why he avoided America.

THIS seems to be Spanish Week in Paris. Just before they were sent to Spain I saw the decorations which José-Maria Sert has done for a new room in the Barcelona Municipal Palace, the banquet hall in which King Alfonso is to inaugurate the Barcelona Exposition. The paintings are great, glorious canvases representing some battles and other diversions which the Spaniards had with the Turks and Greeks. The ground of the pictures is in silver, and the compositions are painted in beautiful warm sepia and marvellous dark



"Some miscreant with a pair of pliers had got away with one of the ruby eyes of the dragon"

M. Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor, who makes a welcome re-appearance on the London stage this week. He opens to-morrow, Thursday, in the operetta, "Mariette," at His Majesty's Theatre

reds. There are twelve immense murals and a vast ceiling scheme. I saw the enormous wooden tubes in which they were to be shipped, and was reminded of a story. At a dinner party some time ago somebody asked Sem, the famous caricaturist, what he would do if he suddenly became possessed of a tremendous amount of money. "I would order," said Sem, "a miniature by Sert."

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN gave a concert composed entirely of the works of modern Spanish composers, Granados, Albeniz and de Falla. He played at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and it was really quite difficult for me to look Musical and Appreciative, even though Rubinstein is my favourite pianist, and I love Spanish music more than anything in the world, because the lights were kept on and the audience was so interesting. I saw Marthe Letellier and Elsa Maxwell and the Marquise de Medici and Alice Cocea, and Captain MacIntosh with his wife, and then I looked up, and, of course, right above me there was Lady Abdy. During one interval I was awfully amused to see her eating a sandwich in her *loge*.

I TOOK out a sketch-book and waved it threateningly at her, and she nearly choked. I wanted to ask her if she had got mixed in her dates and thought she was at a Wagnerian opera, and if she would tell me what kind of sandwich she was eating, as I know my public is simply avid for details. But she asked me not to make a sketch of her, and I promised not to. Technically speaking, as she did not ask me not to *mention* her sandwich, I am sure she will not be angry when she reads this.

A recent photograph of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, M. Guitry's beautiful wife. She is playing opposite her husband in "Mariette"

AT a recent sale of letters written to Réjane, the great actress, Paul Porel, the theatrical producer of her time, and Porel's son Jaques, by d'Annunzio, Anatole France, Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, and Marcel Proust, the Proust letters fetched seven or eight times the price of all the others combined. Proust, who died in 1922, is perhaps the favourite author of the French, assuredly the favourite of the Parisian. In fact, by the time you get through one volume of his "A la Recherché du Temps Perdu" there are six books published about the man himself. I really do not wonder that his letters cost so much, as he certainly wrote the longest ones I have ever read.

THE funniest story I know about Proust is a purely imaginary one, written by Paul Reboux in his series of parodies. Proust, according to Reboux, goes to call on a friend, and finding her out tells the servant he will leave a note. So he sits down and writes, telling his friend how sorry he is to have missed her. He writes and writes. He writes all the afternoon, and far into the night. In fact, he is still writing when she returns home, and is so engrossed that he doesn't even notice her entrance into the room.

NOW after writing so seriously about The Drahma and Aht and Littratuah, let's be silly. The youngest dressmaker in Paris is a boy named Marcel Rochas, who looks exactly like Valentino. In fact, when I read in THE BYSTANDER lately that Pola Negri still longs for Valentino I wondered if she ever thought of buying her dresses *chez* Rochas. But I suppose she doesn't, because he makes for only very young and thin people, as all his dresses for daytime wear have wide leather belts at the exact waistline. Now here is one more Negri-Mdivani story, and I'll never mention them again. Serge drives a Rolls which has on one fender a horn shaped like the head of an open-mouthed dragon. Horan, the Hearst journalist who left France by request, wrote in the paper that on the Mdivani car was a horn decorated with real rubies. And one morning Serge found that some miscreant with a pair of pliers had got away with one of the ruby eyes of the dragon, but all he really got away with was a piece of red glass.

AND now, while on the subject of jewellery, the latest necklaces which I saw at Mille's, in the Rue St. Honoré, are ropes of imitation seed pearls, punctuated now and then by large black or green glass beads. They are certainly the smartest necklaces to be had in Paris. J. M.

WORTHINGTON IMPRESSIONS

NO. 1.

THE JUNIOR PARTNER

As his mother sees him!

As his small son sees him!

As the staff see him!

As his friends see him!

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE HIGH BROWS' CHARTER

By RALPH STRAUS

WHAT is a highbrow? I am not quite certain. But then I am not quite certain what a clubman is, or a Society woman. As far as I can see, any man who belongs to a London club can become a clubman, but only if he is divorced, or found shot, or wins a big sweepstake, or is arrested for being drunk while in charge of a car. And a Society woman, I suppose, is any beautifully dressed lady who has been introduced to a gossip writer and is on speaking terms with at least three head waiters. But—a highbrow?

❋

IS it somebody who enjoys seeing Russian neurotics on the stage, and despises all novelists who "only tell a story," and believes that ninety-nine out of every hundred people are ruled entirely by petty emotions? Is it somebody who smiles contemptuously at the world's antics, and knows that morality is a mere question of geography, and is highly amused by the religious controversies of his day? The cool and slightly cynical spectator of an aimless and brainless world?

❋

PERHAPS it is. Perhaps, too, Mr. Bruce Marshall is quite right to call his new novel just *High Brows* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*), for the queer folk at whom he is poking such excellent fun do, and are, most of these things. And, personally, I found his book quite unusually diverting—a wickedly satirical commentary on affairs as they are, or, rather, as certain of the newspapers would have us believe they are, to-day. There is exaggeration, of course, in its portraits and scenes—the author himself calls the book an extravaganza—but there is also much that is shrewd, and, as he has not disdained to weave quite a nice and most up-to-date little story about these "distinguished" creatures who are *not* to be identified with real people, the novel ought to appeal to all sorts of brows.

❋

IT all begins with a young Mr. Osgood (who sells domestic utensils for a living) winning first prize in a big Spanish lottery. Most of us have long ago decided what we should do in any such circumstances. Mr. Osgood, tired of his provincial surroundings, determines to meet "the best people." So he comes to London, where his good looks and a little gate-crashing between them speedily bring him into the friendliest contact with those whose doings fill the newspapers.

❋

AND as all of these clubmen and Society women and popular priests are (in the modern way) writing for the newspapers themselves, Mr. Osgood is soon as "famous" as anybody in London. One woman after another "falls for him"—Lady Tanis Tynecastle, a musical comedy "star," a "real" actress—everybody except the hatchet-faced Countess of Guardbridge,

MISS MARY CROSBIE

Whose latest novel, "The Old Road," is reviewed on this page. Her novel, "There and Back Again," published in 1927, scored a big success

without whose Sunday articles the British Empire would probably fall to pieces. He is liked equally well by the men—in particular by the gloomy Archdeacon who disbelieves in Christianity but is a strong supporter of the Church. And he has the time of his life.

❋

WHEN, moreover, the newspapers have found that "religion pays," and a new movement by "social leaders" is advisable, the Polygon Society is called into being, with Mr. Osgood as its first (and presumably only) president. The Polygon Society is certainly good fun. To people like Lady Guardbridge and the Archdeacon it is merely another peg on which to hang the views which their dear public expects from them in weekly doses, but Mr. Osgood himself is out to banish lowbrowdom. It "was started," says he, "to suppress *intellectual* evils, split infinitives, musical comedies, sentimental novels, American films, Presbyterian ministers." And probably that comes as near to "The High Brows' Charter" as anything else. At any rate, it will serve to show the kind of attack that Mr. Marshall, writing very pawkily indeed, has launched against his little clique of moderns.

❋

SATIRE, I know, is not very popular these days—people seem to be curiously afraid of it; but Mr. Marshall's satire is of the really entertaining kind, and you need not be particularly interested in modernist views or the vagaries of the Press or purity brigades—I forgot to say that Mr Osgood and the "real" actress get into trouble in Hyde Park one evening—to enjoy his book. It is one long lark, which I swallowed, greedily, at a sitting.

❋

THE highbrows intrude, though only for a short while, into Mary Crosbie's new novel, *The Old Road* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which seems to me to be an admirably told story. The theme, it may be, is a little old-fashioned, but the writing is witty and amusing, and the people are not the usual types. Caroline Dacre, moreover, retains one's sympathy after she has "betrayed" her husband, who is very far from being a villain (even though his novels are out of date), and that says much for her charm.

❋

CAROLINE herself, who lives in a big country house with her grandparents, has been told that she comes of "a long line of soldier ancestry," but it was a private soldier, home from the Peninsular Wars, who had come casually along the old road and as casually taken what he wanted at the blacksmith's house; and it was he who had been responsible for the Dacres. And it is only history repeating itself in the fourth generation when Caroline comes to London. She marries her novelist, but she is in love with young Winstanley, who comes from her own village. She, at any rate, is no highbrow, and neither is he, though he has taken scholarships in his stride ever since he was a small boy.

❋

HER highbrow friends do not take a very serious view of things when young Winstanley has replayed the old soldier's part, though Caroline's aristocratic relations do. They pride themselves on their broad-mindedness, and believe in "human nature" having its own way—but only so long as it does not stray into their own well-regulated family. Which, after all, is delightfully human. I am, of

(*Continued on page 490*)

From the engraving by T. Clerk after William Hogarth.

POLLING DAY

As early as Hogarth's time Guinness was brewing in Dublin. Full forty General Elections have been held since the one that Hogarth satirizes, and all the time Guinness, with its strengthening and invigorating qualities, has been building up the British race.

The constitution changes but Guinness remains—the same pure natural beverage that was the delight and stand-by of our forefathers.

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.39A.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 488)

course, sorry for any novelist who is robbed of his wife, but perhaps Caroline's husband ought to have thought twice before he whisked her away from poverty. He was nearly fifty at the time, and she only twenty-three. However, if he hadn't, Miss Crosbie would have had no story to tell, and no excuse for introducing us to the quite delightful Aunt Florence who plays no small part in bringing affairs to a fit and proper conclusion.

❋

THREE other novels may be mentioned this week. There is, in the first place, *Brothers and Sisters* (Heath Cranton: 6*s.*), by Ivy Compton-Burnett. Now you may read a few pages of this singular book and wonder how I can possibly recommend it. It is not easy to read, even though there is little but "talk" in it. And its people—seven or eight young folk in a village—are rather baffling. Too much, you may think, is left to the imagination. Moreover, when a definite story does break through this stream of talk is it not rather unpleasant?

❋

WELL, I can only say that this novel is like no other novel I have ever read. It is irritating, but only until you have caught the writer's trick of technique. It is tragic, but it is not depressing. And shining through it there comes the portrait of a selfish woman which is a masterpiece of its kind. I am purposely vague, but you will understand why when you read the book. I do not say that you will necessarily enjoy it—you may dislike everything about it—but if you want something startlingly new, and *different*, get hold of a copy, and, in fairness to its writer, do not skip one sentence.

❋

OF the others, one is Miss Mills Young's story, *The Barrier* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This, like its predecessors, has South Africa for its background, and tells how a successful doctor loses everything by adopting and ultimately marrying a half-caste girl. A vigorous tale which is not without its surprises and excitements.

❋

THE other is Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's light-hearted romance, *Eileen of the Trees* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here an adventurous boy of sixteen, the owner of a large property and friends with folk on it of whom his uncle and guardian, a starchy peer, cannot possibly approve, coolly "abducts" a nursemaid from London, and is called on to face unexpected consequences. A rather jolly affair, amusingly done, but somebody ought to punctuate Mr. Stacpoole's manuscripts for him.

R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

IN AT THE DEATH. By David Frome. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)
DOOM. By Sir Henry Imbert-Terry. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)
THE HUNTING OF HILARY. By E. Winch. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)
BARBARIAN STORIES. By Naomi Mitchison. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

CAMPING BY CAR. By C. W. Wilman. (Cassell: 2s.)
THE DOG: MAN'S BEST FRIEND. By Capt. A. H. Trapman. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
THE THIRD ROUTE. By Sir Philip Sassoon. (Heinemann: 15s.)
THE WHIGS. By James Scott. (Richards: 5s.)

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

The Three Daggers is the title of Cecil Freeman Gregg's new book, just published by Hutchinson. A murder . . . a gang of crooks, and an eagle-eyed detective all combine, we are told, to make an exciting mystery story.

The Week-End Crime Book suggests that there is still a vogue for mystery yarns, but this one differs. Mr. Walsh and Miss Baldwin, the authors, present a number of crimes, giving the reader just the clues which the detective called in receives. The reader is then required to solve the mystery for himself . . . . all the clues are there, and the solution of the mystery, including the reasoning from the clues, are given at the back of the book. Published by Hamilton.

Herman Bang, the author of *Ida Brandt*, which has just been published by Knopf, is a Danish author of high standing. He first became known to the English public as the author of *Denied a Country*. *Ida Brandt*, we are told by the publishers, is a story which, in its simplicity, has something of the quality of Thomas Hardy, and is remarkable for its quiet reflectiveness and absence of stridency.

Sir Arthur Evans, the distinguished archæologist, has written a new book, just published by Macmillan and Co., called *The Shaft Graves and Bee-hive Tombs of Mycenæ and Their Inter-relation*. We hear that the author, on the basis of recent finds at Knossos and certain hitherto unregarded or misinterpreted evidence from both the Bee-hive Tombs and the Shaft Graves at Mycenæ has supplied overwhelming proof that the contents of the latter were originally contained within the great vaults. They were, in fact, transferred to the grave circle, within an extension of the citadel wall, at a time of danger: the whole theory of two successive dynasties thus falls to the ground. The book contains sixty-eight illustrations.

THE TARGA FLORIO

Italy's Classic Road Race, Sicily, May 5th, 1929.

1st
DIVO,
driving a BUGATTI
using Wakefield CASTROL.

This race has now been won for three years in succession on CASTROL.

2nd
MINOIA,
driving a BUGATTI
using Wakefield CASTROL.

To-day, as for many years past, the vast majority of motoring events are all won on

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL MOTOR OIL

as used by Sir Henry Segrave for the World's Land Speed Record of 231 m.p.h.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Sir Henry Segrave

was able to

"Fit and Forget"

K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

K-L-G Plugs were also chosen for the

Non-Stop India Flight

GREAT STUFF THIS
BASS!

MOTOR NOTES

AMERICAN SHOW FAILURES

By E. M. WRIGHT

A 20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam on the road by the historical Stokesay Castle, near Craven Arms, in Shropshire. The car seen above is equipped with a Standard Weymann Saloon body

THE motor shows in America, so I learn from a leading trade paper published in the States, are ceasing to attract attention. For many years they were popular, as is our own great show at Olympia; but now, it seems, the public does not attend them in sufficient numbers to justify their continuance, at least on present lines. What, I wonder, is the reason? Perhaps it is that the motor car has become so much a matter of course that the average American will not go out of his way to look at one. If, as one would gather from the "astronomical" statistics of motor car production and ownership in the States, the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific is one moving mass of motor vehicles—like streptococci as seen under a microscope—there is hardly any need for the general public to waste its time on shows.

***

JUST as Christopher Wren needs no epitaph, so, it would appear, the motor industry on the other side of the Atlantic needs no shows. To adjure the man in the street to look around him would surely be enough. But such an explanation hardly goes to the root of the matter. After all, hats and clothes, even in America, are more common than cars. Yet what woman can refrain from spending hours "doing" the shops; what more popular show than a fashion parade! And the reason is not far to seek. Fashions change—even men's fashions—sometimes with startling suddenness, sometimes very gradually; but there is no season without its novelty.

***

HERE is the secret of the public's apathy with regard to motor car shows in America. The cars do not change. Styles have become standardised not only in individual makes, varying little from year to year, but also throughout the whole range of American production with hardly one exception. Remove the nameplate on the radiator and you will be hard put to it to tell the make of car. The bodywork is standardised almost to a decimal point. The boxlike saloon is universal, the visor inevitable; while, almost worst of all, is the standardised rear panelling. During the War not a shell was allowed to leave our munition factories until it had passed gauges which would register variations calculated in thousandths of an inch. To similar minutiæ has American standardisation descended. Mudwings, too, are as unaltered and apparently as unalterable as the laws of nature. The engine, you may suggest, will show more originality, will incorporate changes introduced from time to time. Not so. Raise the bonnet of almost any make you like to think of and you will find it the same as that of any other. The "improvements" announced with much pomp and circumstance as so-called new models are brought out resolve themselves too often into variations of the most unimportant kind. In short, there is but one sphere in which American manufacturers seem to show real inventiveness and individuality, and that is in the high-sounding names with which they christen "new" models, which are about as new as boarding-house 'ash.

***

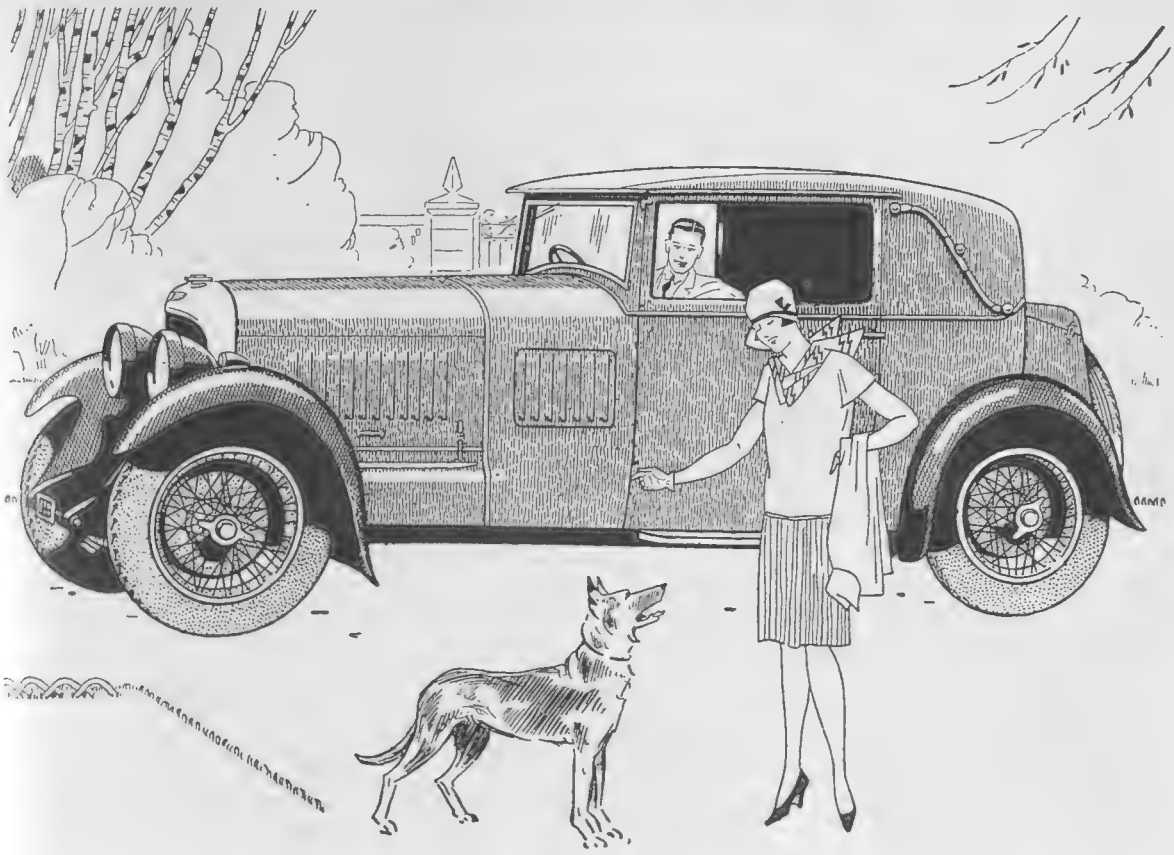
AMERICA with its enthusiasm for standardisation is becoming a Robot nation. Your housewife, for instance, no longer prides herself on preparing dainty and exclusive dishes for her thrice-divorced Lord and Master. She opens one of the fifty-seven varieties of baked beans. And now the time has come when the Lord and Master of the household—or rather apartment— buys a car with just the same indifference as his "sweetie" buys a can or two of foodstuff for the evening meal. Matters have come to such a pass, indeed, that other entertainments, such as a variety show, have to be devised to attract *blasé* visitors to an exhibition of motor cars. One can imagine the sort of conversation to be heard as the latter make their way home. "Well, what do you think of ——, and ——, and ——?" "Oh! the automobiles. Fine. But, say, did you see that girl's legs? Oh, boy!"

***

A new six-cylinder 32/34 h.p. Minerva Coupé of Brussels. The coachwork is by Van den Plas.

THOSE who intend to make frequent visits to Wimbledon for the Lawn Tennis Championships from June 24 to July 6 next would be well advised to note that the R.A.C. has made arrangements for reserved berths in two of the three large parks they are organising for this event. These are No. 1 Park at the

(Continued on page 494)



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THE WORLD'S FINEST SPORTING CAR

4½ Litre Model. Catalogue No. 26.

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Northern Sales Depot:
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World Exporters:
Rootes Ltd.,
Piccadilly, W.1.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 492)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

ACCUMULATORS

LIKE so many accessories to the car, a modern accumulator requires the barest minimum of attention; but do not on that account neglect to give that attention at regular and frequent intervals. The electrolyte should just cover the plates. As the water alone evaporates, leaving the acid unaffected, it is necessary only to fill up with the former, using distilled (not tap) water, which is obtainable from any chemist's. All the connections should be tight and the terminals clean and coated with vaseline to prevent corrosion by the acid. The insulation of the wiring should be regularly inspected in case it is worn through at any point.

"Sulplating," which shows itself by the formation of a yellow deposit on the plates, may occur if the batteries have been allowed to run down. Should this happen, pour out the old liquid, rinse thoroughly, refill with fresh electrolyte (six parts distilled water and one part brimstone sulphuric acid), and have the batteries recharged. Always keep the accumulator clean and the brushes dry and smooth without being glossy.

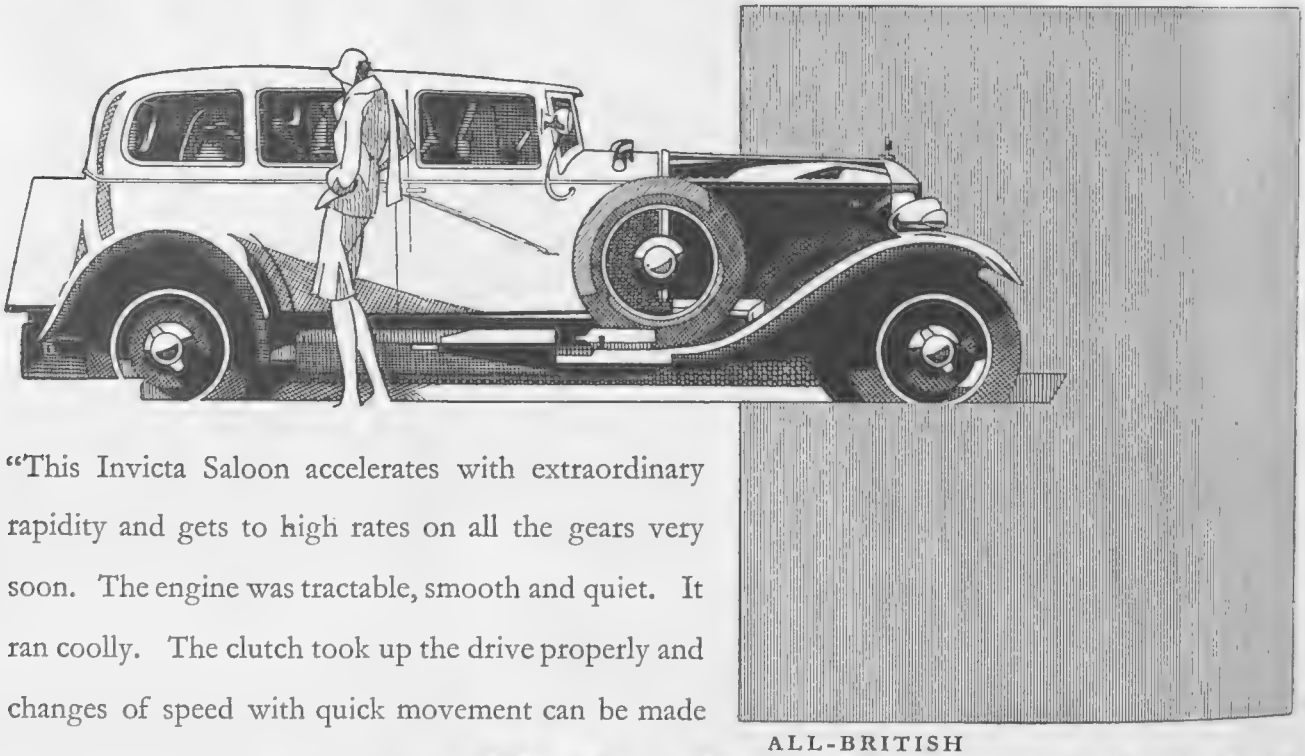
junction of Marryat and Somerset Roads, and No. 2 Park in Somerset Road, where reserved berths are obtainable at the price of 2 guineas per berth for the period of the meeting. Daily berths may be had at 2*s.* 6*d.* per car. These are no more expensive than the unreserved berths in No. 3 Park in Somerset Road. A reserved berth is the property of the hirer for the entire meeting, and can be used or not as desired. These car parks are in direct telephonic communication with the All-England Club, and uniformed guides are in attendance at all of them throughout the meeting. Cars may be summoned by telephone from any park as required. Berths may be booked, and any information regarding the parking arrangements may be obtained from the Secretary, R.A.C. (Touring Guides Department), Pall Mall, S.W.1.

***

THE "release" of the "Prisoner of the Vatican," who has remained in self-imposed seclusion for nearly sixty years since a united Italy captured Rome, will have its effect not only in the world of international politics but in the sphere of industry. With the conclusion of the treaty between the Vatican and the Italian State, His Holiness now feels himself free to abandon his self-imposed seclusion, and one of the immediate results is a desire on the part of various motor manufacturers to provide him with suitable means of transport. Doubtless the Pope will follow the lead of other monarchs and maintain his own fleet of cars. At any rate, in the expectation of such a decision, he has been inundated with offers of automobiles from all sorts and conditions of people. Amongst them is the offer of a car from the Graham-Paige Corporation. The three Graham brothers are known to be devout Roman Catholics, and His Holiness may be tempted to accept such an offer, indicating as it does the wide extent of his spiritual power and influence. E. M. W.

The Buick 25/75 h.p. six-cylinder with Dominion two-door saloon The price of this handsome car, one of which the Editor tested thoroughly the other day, is £450 fitted with Triplex glass. The Buick is one of the fastest cars on the road, is entirely vibrationless at 60 to 70 m.p.h. and economical on petrol

THE CAR WITH THE MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN THE WORLD



"This Invicta Saloon accelerates with extraordinary rapidity and gets to high rates on all the gears very soon. The engine was tractable, smooth and quiet. It ran coolly. The clutch took up the drive properly and changes of speed with quick movement can be made without noise." "*The Times*" *Motoring Correspondent* 26 *Feb* 1929

ALL-BRITISH

INVICTA CARS

Trial runs by appointment.

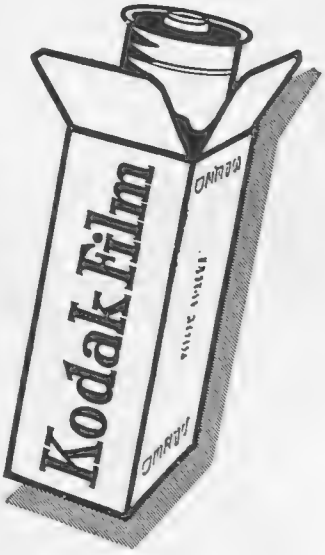
INVICTA CARS SALES CO 11 ALBEMARLE ST LONDON W1 *Phone Regent 2608/9* «

"Every snap a perfect picture."

The truth about "fast" film

It goes without saying that all film must be fast. 'Kodak' film is fast—as fast as it can safely be. As soon as film exceeds that safety limit certain essential qualities are sacrificed and picture making becomes a gamble.

One quality that is sacrificed to excessive speed is *uniformity*. What is meant by uniformity is this: that each one of the millions of spools turned out every year must have exactly the same speed, exactly the same degree of control, exactly the same rate of development. Without this uniformity, which freakishly fast film cannot give, your exposures will go wrong. A correct exposure with one spool will become incorrect with another. You will simply be trusting to luck. Trust rather to common sense and forty years' experience. Trust to 'Kodak' film—the film that is uniform through and through—the film that gives you all the speed you need—the film that is known in every country of the world as "the dependable film in the yellow carton."



See that you get

'Kodak' film

in the yellow carton

THE PREMIER DUKE COMES OF AGE

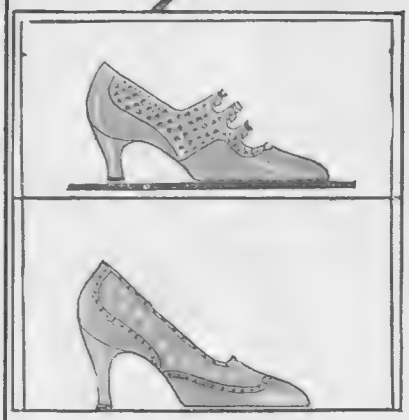
Topical

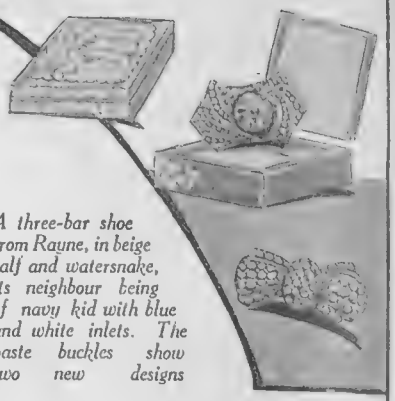
A view of Arundel Castle, the Sussex seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, where some of the pomp and pageantry of the past will be revived in a four days' gala to celebrate the coming-of-age to-morrow (Thursday) of the present Duke, who is seen inset. The Duke of Norfolk is the Premier Duke, Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, and rumours of his forthcoming engagement to a member of a notable Royal House are rife at the moment

FASHIONS FANCIES

THE Season is now in full swing, and showers of invitations are received every day. Sketched on this page are two dresses which would be equally happy in the ballroom or at a political soirée. The gown on the right has great dignity. It is a Worth creation in cloudy black net. Narrow ciré braid trims the skirt, through which may be caught glimpses of deep lace, the sleeveless coatee being delicately embroidered in diamanté. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and so does the taffeta frock, which has several interesting features. The revers which spring from beneath the loosely tied scarf collar are very quaint, while the novel skirt draperies are fitted into a deeply curved hip yoke. The colour scheme is white, with blurred blue and yellow flowers

Sketched by Morris





A three-bar shoe from Rayne, in beige calf and watersnake, its neighbour being of navy kid with blue and white inlets. The paste buckles show two new designs

carried out in beige calf and watersnake, the straps being finished with little bronze buckles. Below it is a blue kid court shoe, with a novel inlet of blue and white stamped leather. They have a very wide range of beautifully designed buckles.

Summer Furs

THE coming of summer does not mean the relinquishment of furs. There are few days when some sort of an animal tie is not very necessary; in addition to which, women who are well versed in clothes lore always secure their winter fur coats during the summer sales, for that is when really wonderful bargains may be secured. It is therefore excellent news that the summer sale at the City Fur Store, which is on the first floor at 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, starts on June 1. Sketched on this page is a three-skin blended marten tie which will cost only 25 guineas, while the pony skin coat, which is lavishly trimmed with South American skunk, and lined with figured *crêpe de Chine*, will be available for 39 guineas. An illustrated sale catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request.

Hats and Bags

THERE can be little doubt that this summer will crown the milliners' efforts with success, and that picture hats really will be worn at garden parties and important outdoor functions, for the famous *couturiers* are now in league with them, and graceful curving brims are the inevitable complement of diaphanous frocks. Made of exotic straws, or of felt with crinoline edges, they have an air of charmingly sophisticated simplicity. Some even have wreaths of mixed flowers and bows of coloured ribbons! Among the handbags destined for Ascot are lovely ones sewn all over with seed pearls, except where *motifs* of *petit-point* embroidery add touches of glowing colour.

Ascot Shoes

DOESKIN court shoes in honey colour or palest beige; lizard skin models in silvery grey, with inlets of doeskin; kid pumps with corded silk backs; and *crêpe de Chine* sandals discreetly ornamented with pearl kid will all wend their way to Ascot. At Rayne's, 58, New Bond Street, the newest models may be studied at leisure. Depicted at the head of this page is the "Aboyne" shoe,

Pony skin is used for the coat on the right, which has collar and cuffs of South American skunk. The blended marten tie is composed of three carefully selected skins. Both come from the City Fur Stores

Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

for Summer Wear.

A Dainty Suggestion in "CLYTIE" SATIN.

SUMMER'S call is a call of life, of colour, of freedom. How shall you interpret these in your raiment? All questions are generously answered in the range of COURTAULDS' FABRICS. Artistry and ingenuity have joined to produce a truly magnificent selection at every price level. In fabrics of quite modest cost you will discover real novelty and charm as well as unrivalled value—fabrics that are really handsome and dainty in effect, the best for each and every purpose. See now the newest designs—at all good Drapers and Stores. The name is on the Selvedge.

"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)

Silk-like, durable and ideal for Jumpers, Lingerie, Children's wear, etc. 37/38" wide.
Striped Designs **3/3d.** Plain Shades & Self Checks **3/6d.**

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A high-grade Rayon and Wool Marocain of character and charm.
37/38" wide, **5/11d.** Per yard.

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Daintiness itself for present-day Underwear and Frocks. The textile success of the year.
37/38" wide, **3/11½d.** Per yard.

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A Rayon of Wool Marocain. Thoroughly dependable and hard-wearing.
38/39" wide, **4/11½d.** Per yard.

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The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie; beautifully soft and durable.
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A new crêpe suède fabric, satisfying to the eye and pleasing to the touch.
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A new luxury fabric at a moderate price, wonderfully durable in wear.
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Easily draping, safe to wash, whatever grade or effect is chosen. Fascinating colours and designs.

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woven by Courtaulds Ltd., are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

FLYING NOTES

MAKING THE SKYWAYS
BRITAIN'S HIGHWAYS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

"Youth of Britain"

AFTER spending many years pioneering the Empire's future air routes, Sir Alan Cobham has settled down to something he calls "a quiet life at home." Four and a half months' intensive organisation has preceded his present tour of the British Isles, which is to continue for the same period, and includes a flying visit to 100 centres, where mayors and their corporations, children and their teachers, will be given flights. There will also be an opportunity for the public to see something of their home town through the windows of an air liner, which in this case is a Giant Moth called "Youth of Britain."

The Giant Moth, "Youth of Britain," landing at the aerodrome at Stag Lane. It is owned by Sir Alan Cobham

On Creating a Precedent

THOSE of you who have never been present at the launch of a ship have missed one of the greatest thrills in life. Whether it be a battleship or just a yacht, there is always an illusion that the bottle of champagne does the trick, turning an inert mass of steel and timber into a living thing. Any aeroplanes which have been christened up to date seem to have come to a sticky end, principally because no one has thought of the logical method of launching them into the air. Instead of smiting the prop boss with a bottle of good bubbly, Sir Charles Wakefield severed with an axe the rope which bound "Youth of Britain" to earth, whereupon the Giant Moth leapt into the air and flew round the aerodrome to get its Certificate of Airworthiness.

Mobilising the Fleet

THE Bluebird and the Spartan, chosen by National Flying Services to form the nucleus of their fleet of training machines, are rather unlike, except that each is an example of the most modern methods of construction. The Spartan, as the name implies, is extremely robust, with the advantage for maintenance purposes of interchangeable planes, whilst the Bluebird is built of metal on the Meccano principle. Apart from considerations of economy or other abstruse results of calculations in the office, there seems to be a more subtle reason underlying this choice. The Spartan is obviously a man's machine, but National Flying Services already have a large number of members of the opposite sex. The Bluebird allows pilot and fair pupil to sit side by side. Need I say more? Captain Neville Stack, A.F.C., has been appointed chief pilot, and with him goes the Cirrus, which becomes the standard engine. Captain the Hon. J. B. Rodney, M.C., is to be senior pilot at the London Air Park and manager of the Hanworth Park Country Club.

Photographs by permission of "Flight"

Lady Cobham, Sir Charles Wakefield and Sir Sefton Brancker at Stag Lane. The photograph was taken at the launching of Sir Alan Cobham's "Youth of Britain" by Sir Charles Wakefield

A Traveller's Tale

IT has remained for Sir Philip Sassoon to show that an "American" tour can provide sufficient material for a delightful and interesting story. To have made a journey of nearly 17,000 miles in less than six weeks, during which time, as Sir Philip observes, "not an hour passed which did not bring something new or strange, beautiful or intriguing, to my notice," this has not hitherto been the fortune of many people, yet "The Third Route" to India and the East which he traversed will be available to anyone in a few weeks' time. The book is more than a traveller's tale; it is the log of a passenger by air who believes and proves that flying is already the most enjoyable method of seeing the world, and one on which business can be best combined with pleasure.

At Random

THE willing help of French soldiers and civilians to bring the crippled Zeppelin safely to earth has done more for peace between France and Germany than all the Pacts that were ever thought of.

With one exception, when the machine was delayed at the end of its 5,000-mile journey on account of a sandstorm, Imperial Airways' service connecting India with England has now been operating punctually to within a few minutes of scheduled time since the end of March.

'CLUB COLOURS'

Blazers made to measure in Stripes or Plain Colours.

Hand Embroidered Badges a speciality.

Single Sweaters made to order on Hand Frames, trimmed in any Colours.

Special Light Weights for Summer, from **22/6**

Single Scarves made to order in any Colours in either Silk or Wool.

Light Weight Wool for Summer, **12/6**

University, School, Regimental and Club Colours in Ties, Squares, etc.

Polo Jerseys and Racing Jackets made in any Colours.

Full Price List on application.

T. M. Lewin

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ESTABLISHED 1898. NO BRANCHES.

THE GREAT TRIUMPH FIFTEEN has long held the esteem of experienced motorists and now the Triumph Super Seven—the finest small car in the world—is achieving an equally great reputation. There are 15 h.p. Saloons from £375, Super Seven Models from £149-10s. Make a point of obtaining full details. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop balloon tyres standard.

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KELVIN LAUNCHES ARE SOUND LAUNCHES.
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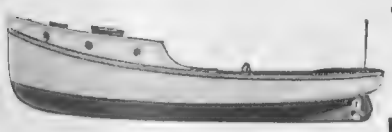
Designed by seamen for sea service and built by REAL boat builders.

OBTAINABLE FROM STOCK IN GREAT VARIETY

Range of over 40 standard models to choose from. All fitted at works with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin-Sleeve" or "Kelvin-Ricardo" engines and carefully tested afloat before despatch.



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Plain Pile Carpeting in a large range of colours. Remarkable values:—
27 ins. wide .. .. 8/9 per yd.
In a deeper and finer quality pile, at .. .. 12/9 per yd.

Superior Quality Baluchistan Rugs.
4 ft. 7 ins. × 2 ft. 6 ins. .. 58/6
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Hard-wearing Quality Seamless Axminster Carpets.
12 ft. × 9 ft. £9 15 0
All the best makes of linoleums supplied at London's lowest prices.

It's good—if it's Druce's

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Ask for tickets via HARWICH **L·N·E·R**

DOGS

GIVE HIM A SHOW!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Dog Shows have been arranged for all parts of the kingdom during the coming month of June, and many will be of the pleasant *alfresco* sort, with marquees and flags and open-air judging rings; all very jolly both for Dogs and exhibitors—so long as the weather gods are kindly. Shows like that of Windsor (by the King's permission held on the 12th in the Home Park) are really delightful sporting picnics.

Those who complain that in the ring their Dogs are never seen to anything like the same advantage as at home have only themselves to blame for what they're too ready to call doggy perversity. It's annoying, of course, when a Dog who generally throws a chest like a sergeant-major and ruffles it with the best persists in slinking round the judging ring with nose and tail well down, and shivers away from the judge as though accustomed to more kicks than prizes. But nine times in ten it's the exhibitor's own fault, and means that the Dog has never been given a fair chance. Without a few lessons it's foolish to expect any Dog, and especially a youngster, suddenly to comport himself like a veteran guardsman on parade.

An imitation judging ring—it's a square, really—can be marked out in any garden or field in five minutes, with a little clothes-line and a few stakes. A chair or stool in the middle, failing a human helper, will stand for judge. And then ten minutes' drill twice a day for a week or two before showing, with a judicious dispensation of praise and rewards—"telling off" and penalties are in this connection a mistake—will make all the difference in the world on *der tag*. The right kind of showy movement (always on the lead, of course) is important: walking, trotting and extending, all to the softest whisper of command; but quite equally important is instruction in the simple art of standing well to attention, like a hackney stallion, for example. Remember always to keep the Dog between yourself and the judge; yourself as modestly as may be in the background, your Dog in the spot-light, making the most of his best and the least of his weak points. It's simple enough teaching, really, but very important, and too often neglected; one of the things that often help novices to beat veterans.

L.N.A.

The head of a prize-winning Afghan Hound. These dogs, which were recently introduced into this country, are steadily increasing in popularity

Faddy folk who chose to hold aloof from the National Dog Week movement started last year are now penitent. It is abundantly clear that the organisation is highly successful, has come to stay, and, especially through its Tail-Waggers' Club, will greatly benefit British dogdom. The club membership is now just upon fifty thousand, and over £7,000 has been handed to the Royal Veterinary College for its rebuilding. The Council and Vice-Presidents' list contain some of the best-known names in England. The Hon. Secretary is Capt. H. E. Hobbs, 37, Temple Chambers, E.C.4.

By Appointment

By Appointment

Photo by Peter North.

THE "ROUS."

Charming little plain Felt "Pull on" for sporting and all occasions. Superfine quality, beautifully soft and will roll up. Trimmed two coloured ribbons in contrasting shades. In all head sizes. Colours: Amber, Beech, Beige, Biscuit, Apple, Wine, Geranium, Grey, Silver, Navy, Black and White. Price 35/-

Finest French Paste Sporting Brooches: Aberdeen, Sealyham, Alsatian, Cocker, Airedale, Wire Haired Terrier, Fox Terrier, Greyhound, Bulldog. Price 7/6 each extra.

The largest stock of Helmets and all Sun Hats for India, etc.

A selection of Hats sent on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. New Illustrated Catalogue now ready. Post free.

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

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Tennis Celebrities: **Senorita Lili de Alvarez.**

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"TRICOLINE" can be obtained by the yard and in garments ready to wear from leading Drapers and Stores throughout the country. If any difficulty, please write the Manufacturers: 38, Tricoline House, Watling Street, London, E.C.4

The Genuine Material bears the name "Tricoline" on the selvedge. Genuine "Tricoline" garments have "Tricoline" tab affixed.

A BRITISH PRODUCTION. BUY ONLY BRITISH GOODS.

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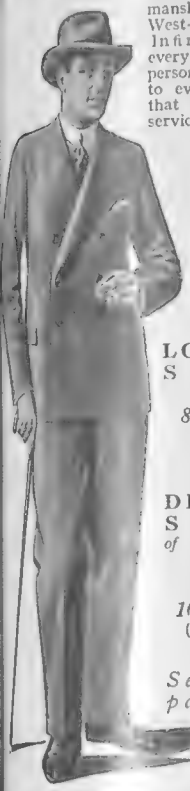

Exemplary craftsmanship: Expert West-end cutting: Infinite care in every detail: real personal service to every client—that is Miller service.

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DINNER SUITS *of fine quality Barathea from* *10 Guineas* (*Silk Lined*)

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The lovely Coral Isles—Home of the Blue Bird, Land of the Easter Lily.

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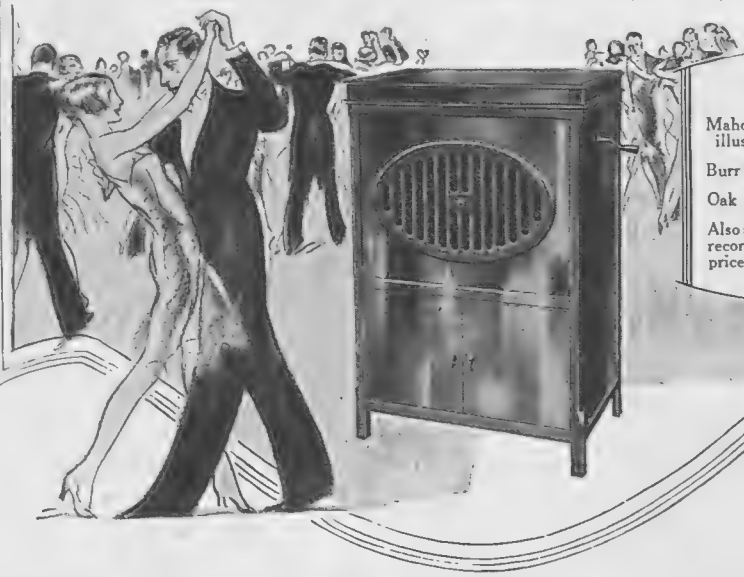

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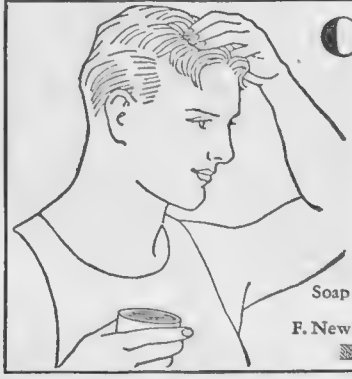

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THE TRUE NEGATIVE DOUBLE

By "ACES EASY"

I WAS so inebriated with the exuberance of my own verbosity last week, when discussing conventions at large, that I was led into a discussion of (in my opinion) correct negative doubling. This particular convention, like many others at the card-table, is sorely abused, and my attack on its indifferent, not to say unfair, use has brought something of a storm about my ears.

❋

"NEVER double without six tricks?" one of my readers asks me. "Milton Work, the most conservative of American authorities, says five high cards are enough, and he counts queens as high cards. . . Whitehead, the creator of the double, Geoffrey Mott-Smith, the author of *Pencil Bridge*, double on four to a queen, five to king-queen-jack, ace doubleton, and weak doubleton of the suit doubled . . . wait for six tricks to double a no trumper when ten points gives the opposition rubber . . ." and the rest of the story's improper—and very wounding to my self-esteem.

❋

NEVERTHELESS, I hold to my requirements on business as well as on ethical grounds. To double a call on five high cards, counting queens (but not too many), presumably, or four queens and a king would be as just a double as four aces and a king!) is too arbitrary and rule-of-thumb a method of evaluation to suit any but a tyro at so elastic a game as bridge. Furthermore, it pre-supposes at least an average hand with the partner—which seems illogical with one hand sufficiently strong to bid initially and one hand sufficiently strong to double already eliminated from the pack. A double should be able to support a rescue on a Yarborough—not on cards good enough to bid defensively without the double.

❋

ON a distributional double — viz., doubling one spade on S.—x, x; H.—Q, J, x, x; D.—A, Q, J, x, x; C.—A, Q—hoping your partner holds four hearts to the king and you play it in hearts instead of in a minor as you probably would if you called your diamonds at once, you have to offset the occasions when your partner can bid hearts against those when he passes the double, for the times he goes clubs and you rescue with diamonds, the fact that you might as well have bid them at once is rendered neutral. On such cards the double is permissible, but by no means obligatory. And if your partner has *five* hearts to the king he may bid them in any event: if he has only four, it is even money whether you go game or not.

❋

WITH regard to the third objection to my conservatism (it is strange how often I am called a Bolshevik for relying on weak original four card suits and strong outside compensation, and then, by the same folk, called a Diehard for wanting six tricks to double!) with regard to the negative double if one or two by cards puts the opposition out, I most certainly shade the requirements to a lighter hand. I double on four tricks—even three and a half on good distribution—at such scores, *precisely as I bid weak suits defensively on similar occasions*. Sydney Lenz's dictum is sound as a bell: "To permit the enemy to 'sweat out' by making a bid of 'one' is the worst atrocity in the category of Auction crimes."

Double as you bid: soundly, sanely, honestly; if you have to take chances in certain circumstances, take them boldly.

BRIDGE COMPETITIONS

Next week the first of the Fortnightly Bridge Competitions held by "The Bystander" will be set.

This will consist of four bidding queries and an open test hand to be played card by card.

Each of the four bidding questions will be awarded five marks; the hand will be awarded twenty marks. One mark will be subtracted for every card played in error.

Competitors will be awarded prizes according to the number of marks they receive.

The first prize will be the sum of Five Guineas; and six consolation prizes of two packs of cards, specially printed for "The Bystander," will be awarded.

In all cases, the decision of the Card Editor is final.

"Aces Easy" will be glad to answer questions of bid, play, and law submitted by "Bystander" readers.

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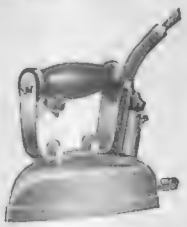
"A touch of the switch does it"



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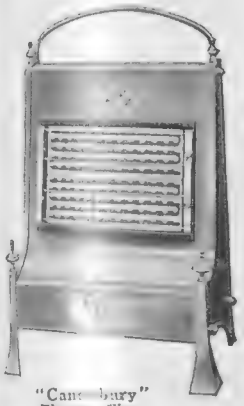

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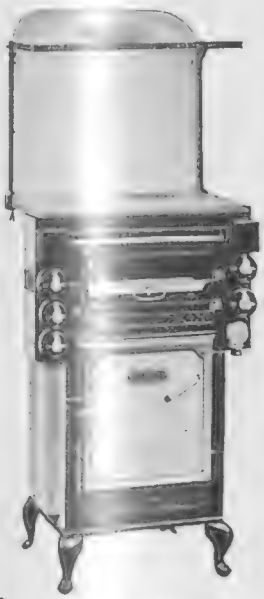

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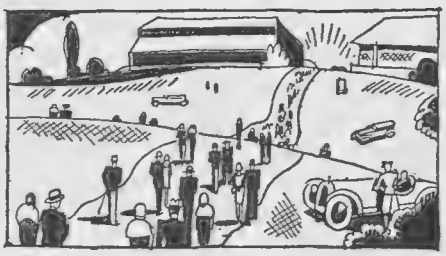

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They're *off*, a hush, round Tattenham Corner, the shouts, the winner's number up. Lucky ones draw their money, others, well . . .

After mingling with the crowd and listening to the cackle and the general chatter, one feels a bit weary and grubby.

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Purée d'Epinards

TAKE 1 lb. of spinach and put in a saucepan with 3 oz. of butter and let it stew till quite soft, then add to it two quarts of hot stock and let it simmer for half an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, thicken, and serve.

Salmon à la Maitre d'Hotel

DIVIDE a piece of salmon into slices half an inch, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the slices of fish in this on both sides. Place under a gas broiler and broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish. Spread maître d'hotel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice, salt, and parsley finely chopped). Serve garnished with parsley or watercress.

Curried Sweetbreads

MELT 2 oz. of butter in the stewpan, add one onion finely sliced, 1 oz. of flour, and a tablespoonful of curry powder. Fry well together. Add three-quarters of a pint of white stock or milk by degrees, keeping it well stirred. When the sauce is smooth add a dessertspoonful of desiccated coconut and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Cut the sweetbread into pieces two inches square, and cook it in the curry sauce for thirty-five minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Menu du Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

PURÉE D'EPINARDS.

SALMON À LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.

CURRIED SWEETBREADS.

ROAST SADDLE OF LAMB.

NEW POTATOES. SEAKALE.

ICES.

PRAWNS WITH CAVIARE.

or

CHICKEN'S LIVER SAVOURY.

CAFÉ. LIQUEURS.

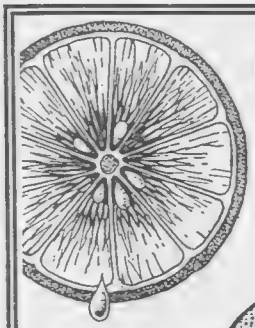
Prawns with Caviare

FRY in butter to a light golden brown as many rounds of stale bread as required, about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 oz. of caviare, with half a shallot finely chopped, a few drops of lemon juice, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast, and when it is cool place a thin slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of caviare on each croûte. Place a shelled prawn by the side of every croûte, and half a stoned olive in the centre. Serve in a glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

or

Chicken's Liver Savoury

BOIL the livers of two chickens, and pound them to a paste. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one yolk of egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on small rounds of hot-buttered toast, thinly spread with anchovy paste. Garnish with chopped parsley.



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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Music and Health

For some time past at the Middlesex Hospital professors of physiology have been conducting experiments to judge the effects of music upon human blood-pressure. For this purpose an "His Master's Voice" gramophone and a wide variety of records were used. Up to now tests have been made upon some eighty people in good health, many of them being students and others associated with the hospital. In no case, however emotional or powerful the music, was any detrimental effect recorded, and in practically every trial the results were beneficial, especially with vocal and light orchestral works. To non-musical people heavy, classical opera was not so elevating, and one man who likes nothing but the lightest dance music revealed a depression in his blood-pressure when jazz music was played, because at the moment he was not in the mood for music at all. The best type of subject was the musical amateur of good taste and emotional susceptibility who makes a habit of listening to records without the exercise of too much critical faculty. The professors discovered that the subject should remain comfortably seated for a few minutes before a record is turned on. The analysis of the cases already experimented upon is leading the doctors to try the effect of playing gramophone records to convalescent patients in the hope that the music may have distinct beneficial results upon progress towards complete recovery.

For the Golfer

A delightful little 48-page booklet, entitled "Golfing Hints," from the pen of Robert Browning, the editor of *Golfing*, has just made its appearance. This booklet, which is produced by the photogravure process and will fit into the waistcoat pocket, symbolises indeed the phrase *multum in parvo*. There can be found in it many hints for the man who is "off his game," some excellent photographs of the world's leading golfers, both male and female, and a quietly humorous and helpful foreword. It is so up to date that it includes the records of the 1929 Ryder Cup Competition and English Amateur Championship. A copy of this really excellent publication will be sent to the reader free on application to the Head Office in Liverpool of The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, Ltd., or to any of its many branches throughout the country.

The new liner, the s.s. "President Dal Piaz," belonging to the French Line. She will be employed on the Marseilles-Algiers service, and, being not only luxuriously equipped but exceptionally fast, will speed up the service considerably

Radium and Cancer

The Minister of Health, speaking in the House of Commons on May 1, said: "For who knows which of us will not presently require the treatment which is going to be made available by this substance (radium)? Who of us would not, in that case, be prepared to find any sum within his means to escape the anguish, the torture, and the possible death which might thereafter follow?" The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, has the necessary facilities and expert staff to employ a much increased supply of radium to good advantage. The Committee are making an urgent appeal for help to enlarge and improve the accommodation for treatment of cases with radium and X-rays, and for the provision of private wards where skilled medical and nursing services can be obtained by patients who can contribute towards their cost. Poor patients will still be admitted to the Cancer Hospital (Free) without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for inoperable patients, who are kept comfortable and free from pain. The official view of the importance of the work may be gauged from the fact that the Cancer Hospital was one of the two hospitals selected to participate in the gift of £20,000 placed at the disposal of the Prime Minister by Lord Beaverbrook. Donations and subscriptions, large or small, will all be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

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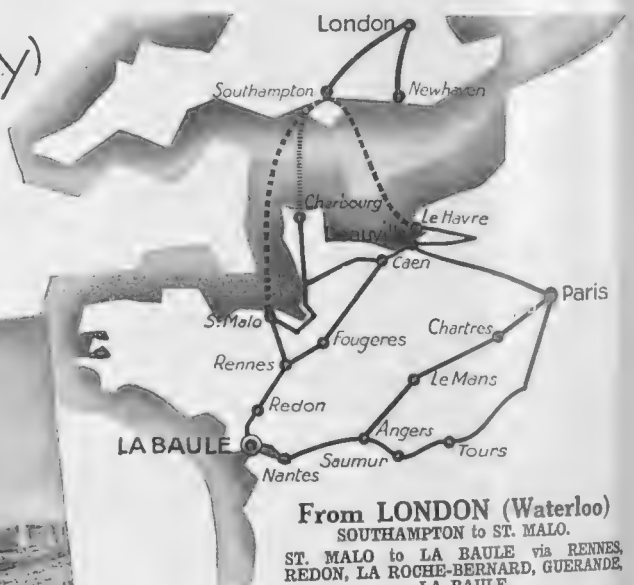

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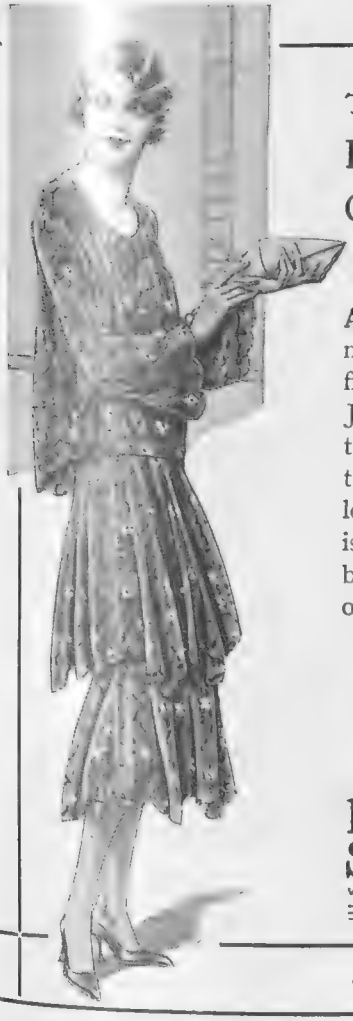

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SCOTTISH RESORTS

ABERDEEN.—The "Silver City by the Sea," is a delightful blend of "town and country." There one can enjoy sea, mountain and river and yet be surrounded by all the conveniences of a modern town. The city itself contains many interesting buildings and parks, theatres and cinemas, etc., while on the splendid esplanade there has been erected a new pleasure garden and dance hall. Recreations include golf (five courses), Tennis, Putting, Bowling, Boating, Bathing and Trout and Salmon Fishing. Balmoral, Braemar, Speyside and many other beauty spots of the Royal Highlands are within easy reach and can be conveniently visited from Aberdeen. The L.N.E.R. route to Aberdeen is via the famous Forth and Tay Bridges. Illustrated guide from *Town Clerk, Dep. YB.*

DUNOON.—This resort is charmingly situate on two pretty bays overlooking the shimmering waters of the Firth of Clyde. The recreations in town are Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing and Fishing—sea and river—and at the Castle Gardens and fine Pavilion delightful alfresco entertainments are given daily. The surrounding countryside affords endless excursions by foot, by motor and by steamer, the variety of the last named being a feature of a Dunoon holiday. Illustrated guide (postage 2d.) from *Secretary, Dep. YG, Advertising Committee.*

LEVEN stands on the Firth of Forth and enjoys a bracing climate. There is a long stretch of golden sands which afford excellent bathing and there are good facilities for Golf (two courses), Putting, Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Fishing. Illustrated guide from *Secretary, Dep. YN, Advertising Committee.*

NORTH BERWICK.—This fashionable watering place is situate 22 miles from Edinburgh. Its great attraction lies in its atmosphere of vigorous freshness. Perhaps the ozone-laden breezes from the North Sea are responsible for the beauty of its beach and the pureness of its firm sands; certainly man and nature have combined to make its three golf courses rank among the finest in the world. Tennis, Bowls, Fishing, and Boating can also be enjoyed, while a popular attraction is the excellence of the bathing—sea and pond. Lying three miles to the east of the town is Tantallon Castle, a famous stronghold of bygone days. Two miles out to sea is the romantic Bass Rock now the haunt of solan geese; the isle is easily accessible by boat. Illustrated guide from *Town Clerk, Dep. YQ.*

ROTHESAY.—This popular holiday haunt is in the Island of Bute mid the glorious scenery of the Firth of Clyde. Its beautiful crescent-shaped bay has been tastefully laid out with gardens on which there is a bandstand and putting green; Golf, Tennis, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Bathing and Fishing can also be enjoyed. As an excursion centre Rothesay is very well catered for by the excellent steamer sailings and the numerous beauty spots in the island. Illustrated guide (postage 1½d.) from *Secretary, Dep. YU, Advertising Association.*

PERTH is an excellent tourist centre, as from it numerous and varied day excursions can be made. The town itself is of considerable historical interest and affords good facilities for Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Fishing. Illustrated guide from *Town Clerk, Dep. YS, Perth.*

Descriptive Literature will be sent on application to the address shown, or from L.N.E.R. Offices. Particulars of Tourist Tickets (issued daily), Period Excursions and Train Services, etc., at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices and Stations.

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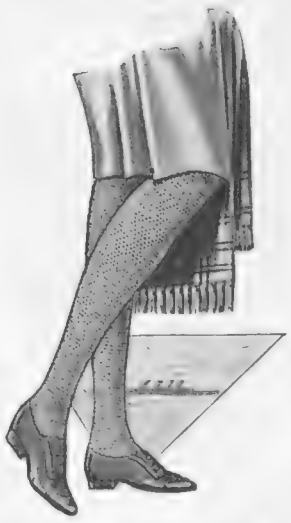

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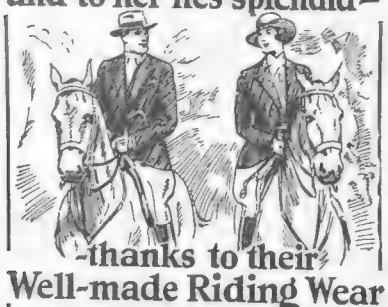

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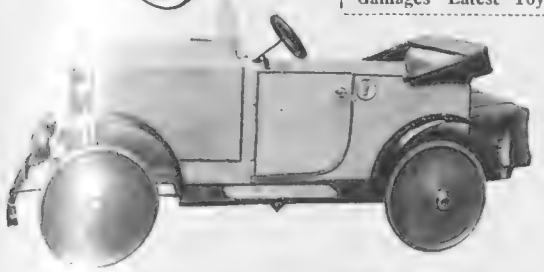

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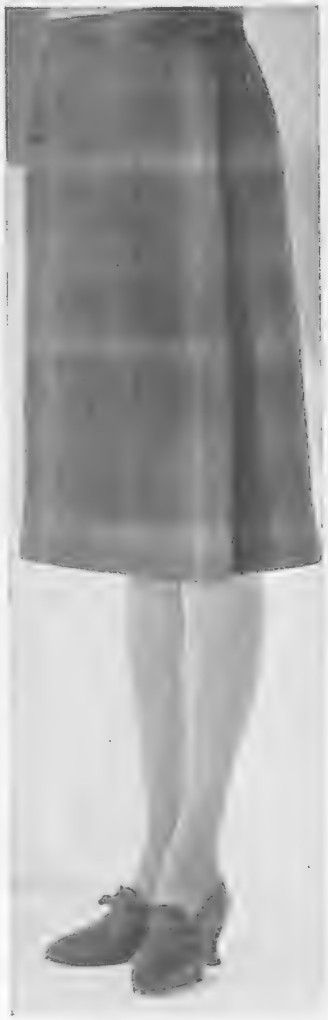

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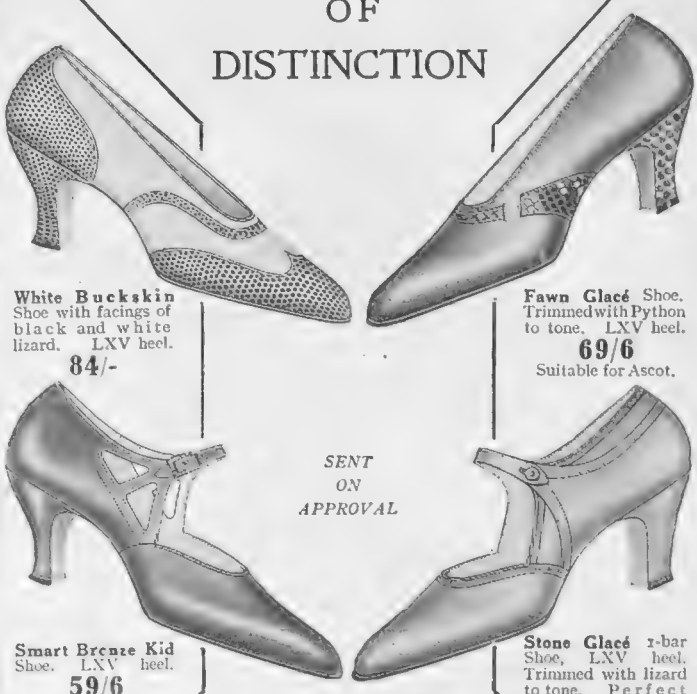

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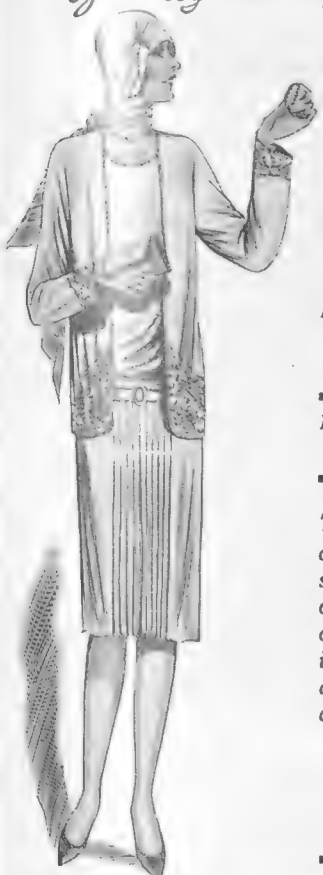

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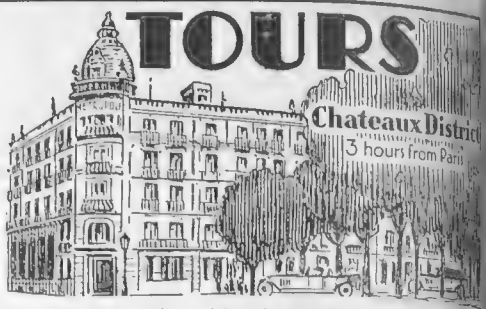
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A first-class, select and modern home in Ideal position on sea front. Facing Baths. Near Golf. Tennis and Casino.
Apply for prospectus.

SPLENDID HOTEL
On Front. Near the Golf and Tennis.
EVERY HOME COMFORT. REASONABLE PRICES.

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—The Leading Hotels—
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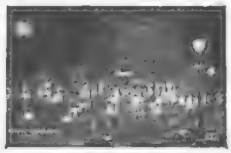
Every modern comfort.
Pension terms. Moderate prices. Renowned cuisine and cellars.
A. DECLERCK & Co.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The most beautiful seaside city on the continent. Same attractions as on the Riviera and other Casinos.
HOTEL IMPÉRIAL
Leading Hotel. 70 bedrooms with bathrooms. Modern Conveniences. Every Comfort: Telephone, Lifts, Safe-deposit Boxes, Central Heating. Private Club, Luxurious Salons, Bar View of the Sea and the Parc Leopold. OPEN ALL THE YEAR 70-72, BOUL. VAN ISEGHEM

A simple way to stimulate your Oversea's Trade

Advertisers in "THE BYSTANDER" are reminded that "THE BYSTANDER" enjoys a very large circulation abroad. It is therefore advisable that the advertisements in "THE BYSTANDER" should contain something in the nature of an Invitation to Overseas Buyers in the form of particulars of special packing for transmission abroad, suitability of the article for use abroad, varities recommended for specified climates, etc., according to the nature and appeal of the advertised article.

The Secret of Slenderness
THE
"CORSLO SVELTE"
For Full Figures

The 'Corslo Svelte" for full figures is the newest Corslo novelty. Our Corsetiere has combined all the advantages of the other Corslo novelties in this most perfect garment, which can be especially made and fitted for even the fullest figures. The material is cleverly cut to mould the diaphragm, abdomen, and the bust into a perfect contour, and the long svelte lines over the hips give a very slimming effect. Boned to give the necessary support, and at the same time ensuring suppleness of movement and perfect ease and comfort in wear; can be put on without stooping, and then adjusted to a comfortable fitting by the back lacings.

THE "CORSLO SVELTE" in cotton tricot, all bones removable for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required: bust, hips and waist. In white and pink.

PRICE
78/6
In Silk tricot, 7 Gns.

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Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.

FACIAL MASSAGE

WHEN one has been on a long and tiring shopping expedition there is a really delightful way of removing all sense of strain and worry, and it is by facial massage. A most refreshing experience and one which affords a feeling of glorious relaxation, facial massage smooths away any little wrinkles or disfiguring marks which come from subjecting the skin to the vagaries of the English climate.

At the Phyllis Earle Salons, facial massage is practised by skilled masseuse, who will be happy to offer advice on any point, without obligation.

Why not know the beautifying effects of facial massage by placing yourself in the care of a Phyllis Earle masseuse?

Treatments, which are available at moderate fees, may be arranged at times to suit your convenience, and a 'phone call is alone necessary to fix an appointment.

Phyllis Earle Salons
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Telephone: Regent 7931.

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FOR STYLE & ELEGANCE

Specialists in:

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In all cases including postage.

POSTAGE RATES:
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McMICHAEL

Attaché 4-Valve Screened Grid. All English and principal Continental Stations.

PRICE
(Royalties included)
22 gns.

Hear this well-known Wireless Set and all other leading makes side by side and choose by comparison at

KEITH PROWSE
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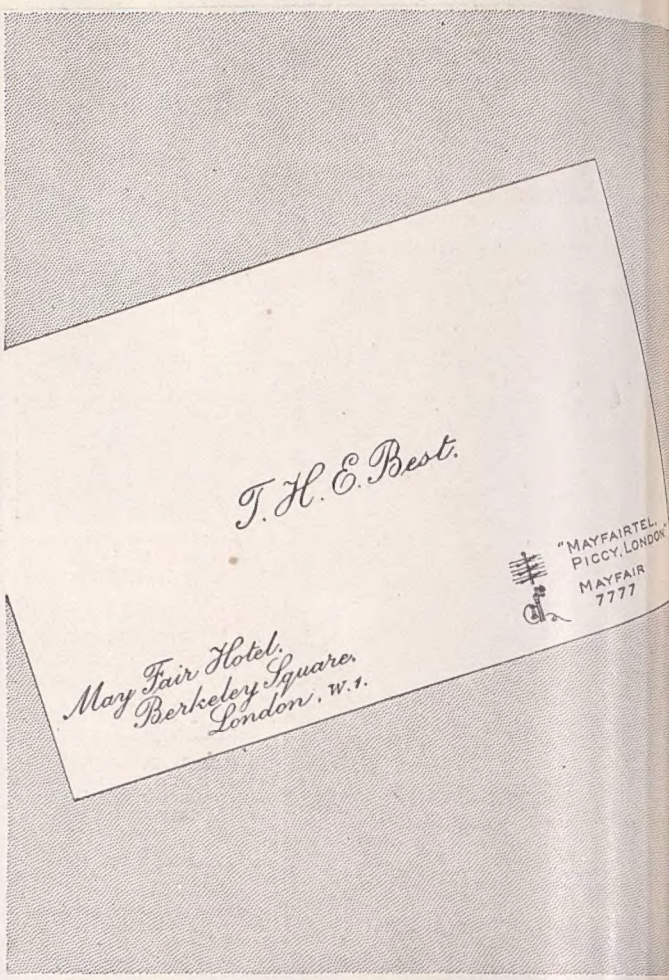

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The C.A.V. Battery fitted with patent THREADED RUBBER SEPARATORS (the perfect plate insulation), is undoubtedly

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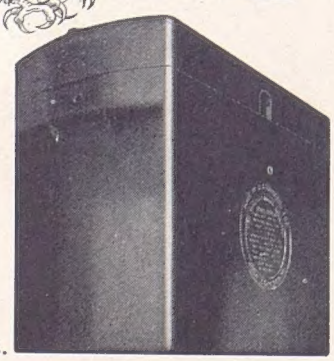
There is a type for your care.

Write for Catalogue No. D2/485.



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THE WORLD'S BEST
C.A.Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
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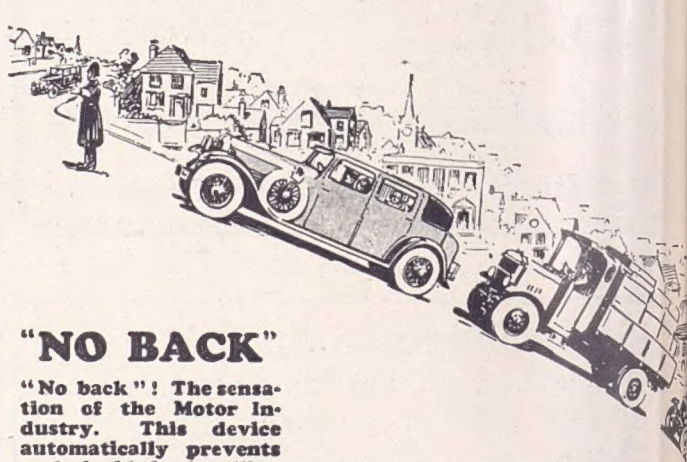
DEPOTS OR AGENTS IN ALL IMPORTANT TOWNS.

Warwick Wright Say

"Don't hold everything"



"NO BACK"

"No back"! The sensation of the Motor Industry. This device automatically prevents undesirable back-rolling of the car on hills or inclines without use of brakes.

This is but one of the several unique safety features incorporated in

THE SAFETY
STUTZ

Warwick Wright, Ltd.
150, New Bond St., W.1
Mayfair 2904

BANTAM WEIGHT

This Shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

Stocked in BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER - - - - **32/6**

Postage 6d.

ABBOTT W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD. PHIT-EESI

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico.)

And on sale at all Abbotts Shops.

Catalogue post free.

NOVELTY SUSPENDER CAMI-KNICKERS FOR PRESENT WEAR

NEW SUSPENDER CAMI-KNICKER in pure silk crêpe de Chine, an exact copy of a Paris model, attractive lace bodice, and low hip-line with suspenders attached. In lemon, ivory, pink, sky, coral, apricot, biscuit, black, cyclamen, mauve, ivory and leaf green.

PRICE

59/6

In heavy quality washing satin, in the same colourings, **69/6.**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody. (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd. of Knightsbridge. S.W.1.

SMART CRÊPE DE CHINE JUMPERS

Attractive Jumper in good quality crêpe de Chine, with wide pleated frills falling from each side of front. In Ivory, all shades of Beige, Lemon, Blue and Grey.

Sizes 42, 44, 46.

Price

59/6

Outsize 63/-

By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to The King.

"THE En-Tout-Cas"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

WIMBLEDON & QUEEN'S CLUB

(Also many other important Clubs)

after trying Hard Courts of other makes, have just placed further orders for the "EN-TOUT-CAS" RED & EN-TOUT-CAS" BOUHANA. This is DEFINITE PROOF of the SUPERIORITY of "EN-TOUT-CAS" COURTS.

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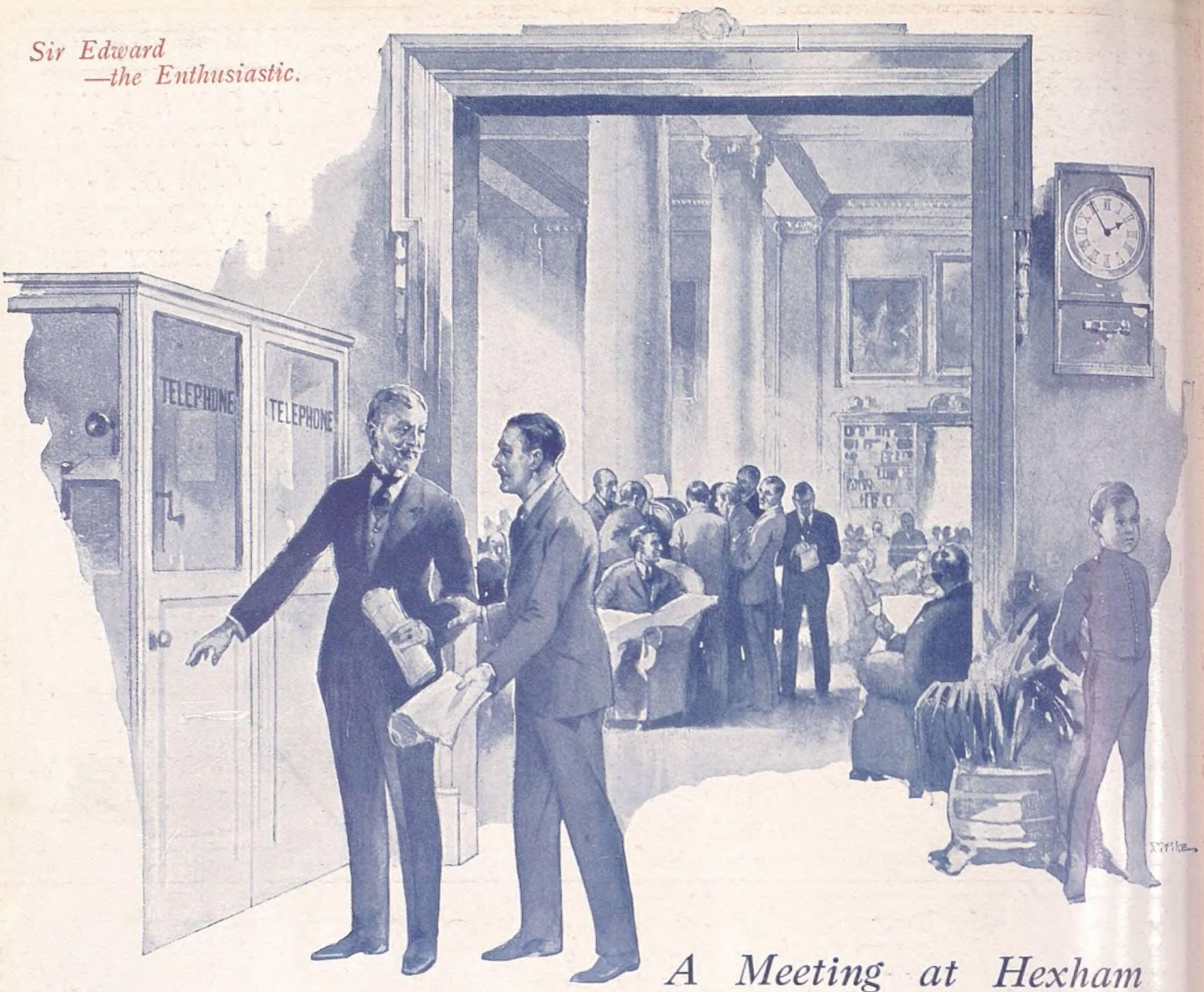
Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic.



A Meeting at Hexham

The Hon. Richard : "Haven't a moment to spare, it's five minutes to two. Can you get £100 on 'SAUCEPOT' in the 2 o'clock race at Hexham?"

Sir Edward : "Certainly. Wait a minute while I 'phone." . . .

The Hon. Richard : "Am I on?"

Sir Edward : "Of course you are—never any question! Now perhaps you'll explain why you arrived here out of breath and full of excitement."

The Hon. Richard : "Well, Ted, I was lunching at the Embassy at 1.30. Nobby told me his horse was sure to win the 2 o'clock race. I rang up half a dozen Agents and the reply from each was—'Sorry, not betting at Hexham.'"

Sir Edward : "Did they give any reason?"

The Hon. Richard : "None whatever." . . .

Sir Edward : (Looking at tape machine.) "'Saucepot' has won at 8 to 1."

The Hon. Richard : "So I am really indebted to you for £800."

Sir Edward : "Not to me, Dick, but to 'Duggie,' who, I always say, is the Prince of Turf Accountants—unlike most of them, who want it all their own way."

The Hon. Richard : "Meaning?"

Sir Edward : "Well, they want you to bet at meetings they choose; otherwise they refuse to accept your commissions—yours is only one case amongst thousands. No matter how late you 'phone Regent 7641—you are on to any amount—*that's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie.'*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

'Stuart House,' Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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